The Saturday Evening Post

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THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shrine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
Oh, sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
Oh, Father, to Thine own!

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sages thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
Oh, Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

CUT ADRIFT:

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MOVING IN THE DARK.

"For I need a friend sadly," Ralph Tremaine repeated slowly.

If Edith Lester had loved him as well in that old time as Edith Merrivour did now, poverty would not have frightened her from his side. Yet there was something besides love. She was able to endow a man royally, and she would not be compelled to share any privation for love's sake.

"Yes. Oh, Ralph!"

There was a world of tender pity in her tones for the man who was suffering.

"I cannot imagine how you heard. It surprised me so much—unless it was—Jasper Cameron."

There was a sound of faintness and wandering in his tone.

"It was Jasper Cameron, *her* husband."

Edith Merrivour said this very clearly. She had much tenderness for him, but only the barest justice for the woman.

"No," and his face flushed with sudden warmth. "He is not her husband! A man who could desert, who could willfully deceive—"

"I think you are hasty, Ralph. I don't know that I admire the man in any special degree. We met him abroad before Mr. Merrivour's death, and afterward were indebted to him for some polite attentions, and to my surprise we saw him at the table when we went to dinner on Saturday. I can't tell you just how it came about—he and mamma were discussing relatives and old friends, when your name was mentioned. He betrayed a very peculiar agitation, and presently told the strange circumstance. I think he loves her very deeply and feels most generously towards her."

"Oh, Edith, you don't know! I love her too! She was mine, mine! and I cannot half believe this horrible story true."

"Has she—Mrs. Tremaine, or Mrs. Cameron, more correctly, denied it?"

Tremaine buried his face in his hands. "Edith," he replied in a husky, half-strangled voice, "I suppose it *is* legally true. But she could not have loved him. And then to think of the months of tenderness, of trust, of a right more divine than any mere law can give! If I could see *him!* For in my first brief interview I was too much stunned to question. Is he here?"

"I will ring and inquire. Shall I invite him to this room?"

"If you will."

A servant was despatched for Mr. Cameron. He soon made his appearance, bringing word that Mr. Cameron had gone away in the morning. He might be back in a week, but he was not certain. He had given up his room, but left part of his baggage.

"Where did he say letters were to be sent?" asked Mr. Tremaine.

The waiter returned presently. "All letters or papers were to be kept, sir."

"If I could see him again! There seems some fatality about—her. Did he tell you where she was?"

"No," Edith answered with a touch of her old stateliness. "The story surprised me so much that I should hardly have ventured upon a question. She is with a friend; I think he said she had decided to stay for the present. But you have heard from her, of course?"

Ralph Tremaine was too slow for a plausible invention. "I have neither seen nor heard since she went away—Tuesday."

"Ralph," Mrs. Merrivour said, "it is a very peculiar case. It seems she told you nothing of this former marriage?"

Mr. Tremaine flushed deeply for Dora's sake.

"I think if I had sinned against a man in that manner, a man who loved me, and who was as generous as you are, nothing would have kept me from him. I should have knelt at his feet and told him my story, and even if he had sent me away, he should have heard the truth."

Edith Merrivour rose as she uttered this. She looked so noble and sweet, so above any deceit or petty falseness, that he paid her involuntary homage.

"Will you tell me his story?" Tremaine asked in a low tone.

She repeated it with much exactness. Indeed she did not need to color poor Dora's part any more strongly than had Jasper Cameron. Tremaine knew that she believed the worst of the woman he loved so dearly. And in spite of the love, he found himself doubting. Had Jasper Cameron all the rights, and he none?

"He loves her with the utmost sincerity, I should say, and she must have some lingering regard for him, or she would have appealed to you."

"Thank you for all the trouble, Edith." He rose weakly, his face gray enough now, and his eyes heavy. He could make no bold defence for Dora, so silence was best. But as he moved slowly toward the door Edith interrupted him.

"Oh," she said, "you are not going without seeing mamma? Excuse my neglect, and our indolent habits. We have hardly recovered from the fatigues of our journey."

Then she summoned her mother. Mrs. Lester had finished her book, dried her tears and donned a very appropriate attire. She was one of the women who always keep about themselves a suggestion of girlishness, innocently enough, and to Ralph Tremaine she was the Aunt Lester of his boyhood. She had not looked young then, she did not look old now. There was something pathetic in her greeting, and it touched his heart. Her joy at seeing him was so like a mother's that he readily forgave any weak exuberance of feeling.

When he emerged into the street, Mr. Tremaine found that he had spent a very long morning with his aunt and cousin. Imperceptibly they had drifted into relationship. Already he felt at home with Edith, and now he wondered that it should be so. There was some subtle magnetism in her presence, a soothing power lingering in her low, melodious voice. He did not love her—he felt that very plainly. All the old fever heat, the impatience and jealous longing were dead. He did not even wish that the past had been different, much as he was suffering. He simply accepted the present with its dawn of friendship, and felt thankful for their sympathy.

And yet unconsciously his trust in Dora had received its severest blow. Every circumstance went so clearly against her. It was not his place to sue. Indeed, when it came to that, Jasper Cameron *had* the best right. He could do nothing unless she loved him, and even then—there were some nice questions of law that stood between. But she had not come to him, and until she did, he would make no effort to intrude upon her privacy.

With that he gave a dreary smile. No, she had not felt any need of him.

A few days after, as he entered his little private office, he found a note on the desk, evidently addressed in a woman's stiff, cramped hand, but containing no post-mark.

The book-keeper looked in. "There has been a woman here, waiting nearly an hour, I should say, and she left that note. She was very particular about its being given to you."

"A woman!" Tremaine fingered it listlessly.

"Yes, a tall, thin, rather common looking person, but very neat. Seemed quite anxious, too. I was not sure that you would be back again this afternoon."

For Mr. Tremaine's hitherto regular habits had met with a sudden and serious break.

When alone he opened the note slowly and glanced at the signature—Catherine Dawson.

The good creature had labored through another epistle, though she would have much rather told her story. Fate had interfered again, for listening to her simple, truthful tale, Mr. Tremaine would have been won.

The note was much more formal, and somehow missed its way to his heart.

"RESPECTED SIR—I have been waiting to see you, but must go without. I begged Mrs. Tremaine to let me come. She is much better, but I think if you would visit her, there might be some change made. I don't know about law, but if you believed her your wife you would surely come.

CATHERINE DAWSON."

He read it over several times. Dora's last injunction had been—"Don't coax him, Catherine. I can't beg even for his love, for I am afraid I have no right;" and Catherine had the charge well in mind as she wrote. Besides, it must be confessed that she felt hard toward Mr. Tremaine, because he had never once sent to inquire after Dora. What if she had died?

He, knowing nothing of events as they had occurred to her, criticised every word. She had begged Dora to let her come! Then Dora could not have been anxious. It was some whim of the woman's instead. What change did she hint at? And then it occurred to him—why, he had not thought of it before—Dora must have left home with very little money! Could she be staying with Mrs. Dawson? The woman was not poor, certainly, but Dora might have needs that she could not supply. Had she been ill? If she was so much better, why did she not write herself?

A sad, sore consciousness filled his soul. Dora was indifferent, to say the least, and this Mrs. Dawson, a plain, worthy woman, not quite satisfied, perhaps, with the daily occurrence of events—Jasper Cameron's visits—he winced at that. Oh, if Dora had written, or come! The cry rose to his lips, but he would not utter it aloud.

No, he would not go. He was not at all convinced that she desired to be his wife, and he would not in the slightest seem to bias her decision. If she was ever anything to him again, it must be of her love, and her own free will. He would ask nothing of her. She must satisfy herself whether Jasper Cameron possessed the strongest attraction or not. There were times when he could almost murder the man—his fingers clinched a little now. Dora's old lover—her husband who had kissed her dewy, girlish lips. Yes, she must have loved him, and yet he, Tremaine, had taken her to his soul without the faintest suspicion of the secret.

He drew the paper towards him and commenced a note. "Dear Dora," unconsciously, and it was torn to fragments. What could he use?—not Mrs. Tremaine! Just simply "Dora."

"I missed seeing your messenger, Mrs. Dawson," he wrote. "At present I can have nothing to say concerning the singular relations between us, which I first learned from my interview with Mr. Cameron, who feels perhaps as any man would whose claim was the strongest. I enclose you a check for your more immediate expenses, and will see that your fortune is placed at your disposal. RALPH TREMAINE."

He did not read the letter over a second time. He meant it to be cold, but he little dreamed how cruel it would seem to her. Then he enclosed the check, sealed it hurriedly, and placing it in a common envelope, directed the outer one to Mrs. Catherine Dawson. The errand boy could be sent with that and no suspicions awakened. Afterward he took his car for Woodlea.

It seemed to him sometimes that he could never enter the dreary house again. This lovely summer evening, with its bland airs, made it tenfold more lonesome. What if he should shut it up and go away? That seemed like saying a resolute "no" to Dora, if fate should ever make the way clear for her to come back. But the silent dinners were insupportable.

He had called on Edith again that day, and found her very sweet and gracious. Mrs. Lester, in talking over old times, had woke more than one tender cord in his heart. In spite of her weakness and foolishness there were some redeeming virtues, and when he remembered how she had been tyrannized over by her selfish, arbitrary husband, he was thankful to Edith for making her declining years pleasant. And he gathered on this day that Mrs. Merrivour's married life had not been a happy one.

Mrs. Lester had begged him to tell over the improvements at Woodlea. "Of course it's different from your poor father's time, though I thought it a pleasant place then. Oh, I've spent many a happy day there!"

"Yes, it's much altered, getting to be quite a town, indeed, with its long, straight avenues. After the ground became so valuable I sold part, reserving just enough to keep neighbors at a proper distance;" and he gave a grave smile. "The house is little changed—a porch added here and there, but it always was roomy, you know."

"And that makes me think—Edith, why not consult Ralph about a place?" Mrs. Lester never had any self-dependence, and her husband's rigorous rule, that would have roused many a woman into rebellion, had only rendered her the more meek and deferential. "We were talking of going somewhere, Ralph, for during these warm days the city is dreadful, you know. Edith being in mourning and all that"—and Mrs. Lester sighed—"she has no taste for gayety, so we wanted some quiet country home, not too far from the city, in case she needed to come in on business, as Mr. Merrivour's estate isn't settled yet."

"Yes," Tremaine returned, thoughtfully. "There are some pleasant places on Long Island. Do you want sea side, Edith?"

"I hardly know," she said, hesitatingly, "unless mamma thinks sea air too strong for her. She has been accustomed to such a mild atmosphere."

Mamma always understood from the tone, which side she was to espouse. Not that she was drilled in private, but she seemed to have a quick perception of the course that would be most agreeable.

"I should be a little afraid, my love. The night air is so damp here, in America."

"Then somewhere on high land would be best. I will inquire."

"In the fall, I think we shall take a furnished house," Mrs. Merrivour went on. "We have had so much of hotel life, that a home of one's own would be a luxury. Indeed, I have quite a longing to be settled."

Mr. Tremaine recalled this conversation now. Why not invite Edith and her mother to Woodlea until they could make their arrangements? If Dora were home, such a matter would be subject to her approval, for he had honestly confessed this early passion. But she might never be here again. Perhaps, all things being considered, it would be well to ask them. It would give the house an air of life, and might prevent impertinent curiosity. It would keep him from brooding too much in solitude, and give the servants something to do. So he summoned the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Maybin," he said, "the rooms on the north side are in order, I suppose?"

"Yes." She made a stately inclination of the head.

"I have an aunt and cousin just arrived from Europe, whom I think I shall invite for a month or two."

She bowed again—but her eyes asked another question.

"Mrs. Tremaine may not be home for—some time." He cleared his throat and tried to steady his voice, as well as to shake off the feeling of embarrassment. "Mrs. Maybin," he continued, "I feel that some explanation is due one so worthy, and so long trusted. There has been a difficulty between myself and Mrs. Tremaine—not anything like a quarrel, understand, but something that necessitates a separation at present. I do not wish the subject to be discussed in the kitchen or in the neighborhood. It will be sufficient to say that Mrs. Tremaine is away on a visit. I trust your good sense and discretion entirely."

She was a good deal surprised—more at the confidence than the incident, for she knew very well that something quite unusual had occurred.

"You will like the ladies, and find them very pleasant and quiet. Both are in mourning, and have met with a recent sorrow. I suppose the house will be in readiness at any time?"

"Yes. You will not find your confidence misplaced, Mr. Tremaine. And I have too true a regard for you, to add to any trouble you may have, by allowing idle gossip in this house, at least."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maybin." He wrung her hand warmly.

As he sat alone afterward, he felt greatly relieved. If he could only get through the summer, or come to something final? It was the suspense and doubt that wore him so horribly. Yet he was thankful that so little had been said about it, or that so few knew the facts of the case.

The next day he took his invitation to Mrs. Lester. She was delighted. Edith demurred a little.

"Why?" Ralph Tremaine asked, looking out of his honest eyes. "Since you are the only relatives I have, why should not my house be open to you? I want to keep this—unfortunate affair—" he stumbled a little over the words, "as quiet as possible until it is settled. I hate gossip and endless surmises, and I think that it will be better for me if you come, though, I don't wish to persuade you simply on that account. I can make it pleasant, since you will not care for society."

"Retirement would be my first consideration in any place," Edith answered. "How kind and thoughtful you are, Ralph."

The woman he had once loved! It crossed his mind every now and then as some turn or some word called back the old days. Since both of their lives had been marred, why should they not be friends, true and tender in a relative sense. He did not dream of any danger from her beauty or fascination—indeed, with Dora would go the last desire for love, and happiness such as love brings.

The affair had tended to distract his mind a little from the subject he had brooded over so much. He wondered if Dora would answer his note, and waited several days in vain. Then he gathered the bonds and stocks in which her property had been invested and placed them in the hands of a legal friend, subject to her disposal—making an announcement of this to her.

Early in the ensuing week, Mrs. Lester and Mrs. Merrivour went to Woodlea.

Edith Merrivour accepted the turn of affairs with a strange feeling that she had much difficulty to subdue into calmness. She did not look forward to anything, but simply realized that she was here and must be in some sense Ralph Tremaine's companion. In the course of time he must be free again. That Dora loved her husband, she could not believe. She set her down for a girl of little soul and no principle—and pitied Ralph sincerely that he should have been captivated by her arts. Looking at her portrait, she decided that Dora could not have been beautiful, consequently it seemed as if she must have appealed to some weakness in his nature. That it might have been the virtues and graces of hers, Edith could hardly be persuaded. What noble woman would have kept such a cruel secret from the husband she loved!

CHAPTER XVI.

CONFEDERATES.

Jasper Cameron was left with his travelling bag at one of the principal railroad depots. After the carriage was well out of sight, he walked down the platform with a brisk step and ordered the hack driver to take

"JASPER, IT WON'T DO FOR HER TO DIE!"

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

him to an obscure street. He stopped at a dingy-looking brick house, the shutters of which were closed, and the whole place wearing a rather forlorn and solitary air. There was a square, brass knocker, like a door plate—and he rapped lightly with this.

"I knew your knock, Jasper," said the woman who answered the door. "I'm glad to see you. Are you prospering?"

She was of medium size, rather thin and dark, somewhat sallow, but she had very light hazel eyes, tinted with yellow, and they gave her a hesitating, furtive appearance.

"The best of luck, Aunt Mildred;" and he laughed gayly. "I've come to stay a few days, much to your sorrow."

"Sorrow! How can you, Jasper? You know that I'm only too glad to see you. I was afraid you'd had some bad luck. Come in and tell me."

He marched jauntily into the parlor—a dark, old-fashioned place, smelling close and musty—but as he took a breath or two he said—

"Why not go up to my own room at once? This is enough to give one a fit of the blues."

"As you like."

The two trudged up-stairs. At the end of the hall she opened a door into a rather more cheerful-looking apartment.

"No one's been in it since! There was a woman very anxious to hire it."

"Never you mind, my beauty. I'll pay you as well as any woman in the lot."

"Oh, it wasn't that, Jasper. Besides, I have three old ladies now—enough to try any one's patience. But I want to hear about you. And how is *she*? You said she was sick."

"Oh, improving;" in a careless tone.

"Jasper, it won't do for her to die!" A kind of earnest flush deepened over her sallow face.

"No fear of that. It was mostly fright."

"Does she care for you? I used to think she loved you then—but girls soon forget," and she sighed.

"I have the means of bringing her to remembrance, you know;" and he gave a heartless laugh.

"And you think—It would be a great fortune to lose, Jasper!"

There was an avaricious gleam in her eye that gave her a very unpleasant expression.

"I don't mean to lose it," he returned, positively.

"I kept the secret so long—it must have been for your sake. She never should have had a penny after all her airs and contempt of me, who would have been the best friend she ever had!"

The woman clinched her bony fingers with some old, revengeful feeling.

"You'll come out on the winning side, Aunt Milly. No more keeping old lady boarders then! Now I must take a little run down to the lower end of the city. I may not be back until night, and never mind about supper."

"But, Jasper, you haven't told me anything!"

"Don't spoil the broth by taking all the flavoring out of it beforehand. When I've anything to tell, you shall hear it, surely. In a month or so maybe. There's the key—shake out those traps a little, and hang them up. I must be off to keep an engagement."

With that he sprang lightly down the stairs and let himself out almost noiselessly. His next business was with Leonard Colby.

He found Mr. Colby in his office as usual, but was invited into the private room at once. He fancied that the lawyer's brow wore a rather thoughtful and haggard expression.

"I've been expecting you for several days," he began in a rather distant tone.

"Oh, there was no hurry," and Cameron settled himself in an easy position. "I didn't know but your fertile brain might find a better way out of the difficulty."

"You have seen Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Cameron—yes."

"Have you come to any conclusion?"

"We have been making a kind of agreement. By Jove! Colby, I've half a mind to win the woman and the fortune both! She's a fine, spirited creature, and with a peculiar beauty that gives her the air of a tragedy queen, at times. Suppose in about a month I bring her down here and introduce her as my wife, and we have the business fairly settled? Can you be ready?"

Colby had grown ghastly pale while listening to this confident speech.

"She doesn't love you, Cameron. You cannot make me believe that!" he tried to say in a steady voice.

"Oh, I shall not chaff you with impossibilities, never fear that. There was the foundation of an old girlish passion. In those days she thought me an Apollo or demi-god. Tremaine was a more sober after consideration. She never had the confidence to tell him of the escapade, thinking I was dead, and that he would not be likely to hear it from others. Of course it surprised him immensely!"

"How did he learn it?"

"She was afraid to go with me and confess, so I went alone. Tremaine took it pretty hard. She has gone to stay with a friend of hers, at my request, and he has made no effort to see her thus far."

"The case looks bad for her; but, Cameron, I must see her, must hear from her own lips what choice she designs to make of her own free will."

"I'm not sure that she will be allowed any choice. Tremaine may wish to repudiate her; if he should, she might return to her first love quite easily."

"Cameron, men don't talk of women in that fashion whom they love and respect."

"Well, I'll confess that several times I've had an almost tigerish desire to call her mine once more. I've been tempted to rush to the very extent of the law and compel her to fulfill her first vows. So much for my feelings on that score, which I take it is pretty near love. A higher motive has urged me to wait. If she comes to me of her own free will, I shall forget the past—"

"In consideration of the fortune, perhaps. Would you be as generous to a woman with no fortune?" the lawyer asked dryly.

"That would be entirely my own affair. She has a fortune, which is your chief concern at present. We have made an agreement—for a month she is to remain in seclusion, and most kindly gives me the privilege of visiting her. If, during that time, I succeed in making a favorable impression, and Mr. Tremaine evinces a disinclination to renew their former relations—for that *may* influence her—the matter may be amicably settled. I see no reason why I should not use my best endeavors, since I find that I do care for her."

Jasper Cameron announced this with great apparent honesty. Colby realized, turn which ever way he might, that he was still in the man's grasp.

"Suppose she *should* decide even then *not* to return to you?"

"If I fail to gain her own free consent I shall give her up. I am not so much of a villain as you think. But in that case I shall see every penny of her fortune restored to her just the same. You proposed trusting to her generosity—why should not I? If she does not care to accept me for her husband, she *would* give a good deal for legal liberty. I could easily place it in her way, you know!"

Yes, the man was hemmed in on every side. Ruin stared him in the face.

"So I give you a month's grace, which is more than every one would do, granting that you don't mean to flit in the meanwhile. Matters may look brighter for you then."

That was with Jasper Cameron's old, gay assurance. For an instant a wild idea entered Colby's brain. Suppose he took what he had and sought some other clime? But there was the infamy to be cast upon his dear, innocent children—no, he could not endure that they should all rise up and hate him.

"You said the last time you were here that she knew nothing of the fortune?"

"Very true. She does not."

"I think she will feel that the fortune was her great attraction in your eyes."

"Well, I mean that she shall have it in any case," Cameron returned with a kind of dogged pertinacity.

"Then you have given up an idea that you advanced in our other talk on this subject?"

Drops of perspiration started out on Colby's pallid brow, and he uttered the words rather huskily. He had been brooding over the temptation daily, and now to have it taken out of his way seemed an actual loss. He was not sharp enough to guess that Jasper Cameron waited for this moment.

"What was that?" with an assumption of forgetfulness. "Oh, that you should buy me off instead of Mrs. Tremaine! She has a small fortune of twelve or fifteen thousand, and at our first interview offered me every penny *not* to stand in the way of her legal freedom. If she had more, a larger sum would doubtless be at my disposal. That was before we had made our present conditions."

Jasper Cameron lounged back in his chair and glanced carelessly at the lawyer. The next proposition was to come from him.

"The story is such a very unusual one," Colby said, slowly. "And she must appear—"

"Which she will in good time—but the day she appears, we commence proceedings. You have already seen Mrs. Cameron, and heard her story; you have also seen a copy of the dead woman's confession, and the affidavit made by Giles Walsingham's daughter-in-law. There can be no doubt as to Dora's identity—but we may even find her mother."

"Enough," Colby exclaimed abruptly. "If I thought that Tremaine would forgive his wife, and that she desired to return to him—" and the lawyer wiped his forehead.

"What then?"

Colby groaned in desperation. He was hard pushed by his adversary.

"I tell you what I will do, Colby. Granting that it is in our power to settle the affair, half of the fortune will content me. You cannot make any better terms out of any of them."

"And if this were offered you as the husband of Dora—"

"I would engage to keep my secret, and destroy these proofs in your presence. Moreover, I *should* leave the country and place sufficient evidence in Mrs. Tremaine's hands to enable her to get a divorce without any difficulty. I have no doubt that *they* would settle it amicably after awhile. All this I engage to do, unless she should evince some returning tenderness for me. You can't say but that I am generous," and he laughed.

"No one knows what you are!" returned Colby, gloomily.

"Well, decide at your leisure. I am going away for a few days—and when I return, will look in upon you. Au revoir," and making a jaunty bow, he walked out with an air of supreme indifference.

So, there it was—the terms on which Mr. Colby might purchase comparative ease and worldly salvation. The trust and the legal interest upon it would reach a sum considerably above one hundred thousand. He was not sure that he could make up the amount at so short a notice. Oh, if he had never had the trust at all, but gone on living simply! And yet, sixty or seventy thousand was not to be despised. It would keep position, it would marry his darling happily, and give the others their ordinary comforts. And then he might have some good luck and retrieve his loss—whereas, if he began without a dollar, how could he, at his age, ever get any considerable sum together again?

Would it wrong Mrs. Tremaine so very much? The villain would be bought off of her path. In time, as Cameron had said, they might come to an amicable understanding, and be not much the worse for the brief interruption. Because the man carried matters with such a high hand, he had succeeded in impressing Colby with a certain regard for his power, and he knew him to be most unscrupulous. He would bind Cameron in such a manner that the strictest justice should be done to Mrs. Tremaine. Then, it was not as if she were penniless. She had something of her own, and the probabilities were that Mr. Tremaine would overlook the unfortunate occurrence, and take his wife back to his heart and home—for after all, she was much more his than Jasper Cameron's.

Mr. Colby's own safety was of greater importance to him than anything else, though he persuaded himself that he was viewing the case very impartially. If Cameron settled with Mrs. Tremaine, it was more than likely that she would relinquish half of her fortune, to say the least, for freedom. So in that case he was paying him no higher price than she would. Then if he *had* used his influence to the uttermost, he might have led Giles Walsingham to disinherit this grand child altogether—and he began to fancy himself the most unfortunate one in the whole party, since he had taken all the trouble and anxiety of the trust, and was to reap none of its benefits. First and last he had known of a good many business matters that, if you came to subject them to a rigorous examination, would show no fairer front than this, yet the chief agents in the transactions went about the world with a brave face, and were held by their neighbors in high esteem, much higher than he would be held if it were announced to-morrow that he were penniless. The world might be wrong in its verdicts, but since one was here, one must abide by its decisions. And he had wife and children; yes, he *must* save himself.

The offer had been Jasper Cameron's. *He* had not tempted any one to wrong dealing, so his conscience felt quite light and clear. He could think the matter over at his leisure and decide in the course of the month, as if he had not already resolved upon his choice between ruin and dishonesty!

As for Jasper Cameron, he felt quite secure. Thus far Mr. Tremaine had caused him very little trouble—and Dora, thanks to her illness, been much more manageable than he had expected. The more deeply he considered the subject, the less he desired to be burthened with Dora. It might have been a kind of comfortable after philosophy, as he was plainly convinced that Dora's regard was far beyond his reach. He could not subjugate her to his will, and what was the use of bothering with a woman who, in a desperate moment, might place herself beyond the reach of human power. Dora was quite capable of doing that. And granting that he could subdue her, would he want her year after year? The gay, care-free life he led was infinitely preferable. He would enjoy more real pleasure with half the fortune and freedom, than to have it tied up in her hands, and be put on good behavior. So, let her love Ralph Tremaine to the end. It brought a kind of angry, jealous feeling to be sure, but revenge would not be worth all the trouble it would cost. Let fate work out the problem for the others—he could bring his own wishes to a successful issue, he thought; but in the meanwhile it was necessary that Dora Tremaine should live, and yet not be brought under the influence of her husband. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Lamartine Managed the Vesuviennes.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Star relates, upon the authority of Emile Ollivier, an anecdote of M. de Lamartine. "Lamartine," says the narrator, "being at the Hotel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women in type and brutality strongly resembled the famous fishwomen of the first revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented anything but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. 'Citizen,' replied the foremost among them, standing with arms akimbo in front of her comrades, 'the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you.' The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: 'Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands.' And thus by a stroke of the most subtle flattery did the author of the 'Meditations' escape the fifty kisses of the Megæras of the Revolution of '48."

This anecdote may teach some of our own politicians, how to deal with the American Vesuviennes in a similar strait.

Bad for the Belles.

A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself—so to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair with chemically-prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath; and on emerging from it, she was horrified at finding herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Not a vestige of the "supreme Caucasian race" was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival, he laughed immoderately, and said: "Madame, you are not ill; you are a medical product. You are no longer a woman, but a sulphuret. It is not now a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical reaction. I shall analyze you. Come! I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur, the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find, as a precipitate, a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his analysis, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powders and cosmetics they use—if they use any at all.

☞ Twitchell, convicted of the murder of his mother-in-law, in this city, has made a statement to his spiritual adviser, accusing his wife of the murder, and alleging that he was only accessory after the fact. His wife has left the city—though in no danger, having been brought in "not guilty" by the jury.

☞ Most of our rock appears to have been formed from a sediment coming from the north-east, or the direction of Greenland, to the south-west, toward the Gulf of Mexico. To the north these rocks are computed to have had once a total thickness or height of about 30,000 feet, while in the south-west they did not exceed 3,000 feet in thickness. At the north the large boulders are found, at the south the fine sediment is deposited, and the coral and shell-formed limestones show more quiet seas. There has, therefore, been a great ocean current from the north-east to the south-west. To it, in part, we owe the North American Continent. It not only built up, but it frantically denuded and broke down again glacier and iceberg, and it crushed down and tore away the rock.

☞ There is no greater nonsense talked about anything than about inconsistency. The truth is, no man ever is inconsistent. His utterances are inconsistent; but, did we know all about him, and about the circumstances he has to encounter, we should not speak of the man as inconsistent.

☞ The following unkind cut at a rising Western city appears in a journal published in a rival town: "A Chicago paper concludes an account of a marriage in that city with the declaration that 'the parties were then united for life.' If they were, it was certainly the first thing of the kind that ever occurred there."

☞ Arsene Houssaye says that the French women of the present day are by far uglier than their female ancestors thirty years ago, and he predicts that in less than thirty years beautiful women will be extremely rare in France.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION.

The Third Annual Exhibition of this Association is now open, to continue until the 15th of the month, at Haseltine's Gallery, in Chestnut below Twelfth street.

The exhibition consists of works of art executed by women—including oil and water paintings, drawings, lithographs, and engravings.

It is with great pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to this Institution and its present exhibition. Whether we consider them simply as promotive of a love of art among the ladies of our land, or also as aids in opening new avenues of employment for women who wish or are compelled to maintain themselves, they merit our attention, support, and sympathy. By the institution of classes for the instruction of women in drawing, painting, designing, lithography, and wood engraving, an opportunity is afforded to all who wish it, to obtain that degree of knowledge and experience which is essential to the student in any of these departments.

It seems to us that in wood designing and engraving especially, and also in steel engraving, a field might be opened for women, which would afford them a very excellent return for their labor. And as such labor could be performed in a great degree in the privacy of home, there would not be the same objections to it that lie against so many other employments.

Miss Sartain has, we believe, proved herself quite an artist in steel engraving, and found it decidedly remunerative. We wondered at not seeing some of her work in the present exhibition. And we have heard it said that a number of the excellent wood engravings now appearing in the London magazines, are both designed and engraved by women. Though of this we know nothing positively.

The present Exhibition, though comparatively small, as contrasted with the usual exhibitions of paintings, is quite creditable in many respects to the exhibitors—among whom we notice the names of Miss Towne, Miss Wagner, Miss Lea, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Hoyt, Miss Burr, and others of our Philadelphia ladies. And we trust that our citizens will not fail to manifest their approval of this modest attempt of our ladies in the department of art, by visiting the exhibition; and also by purchasing such pictures as may be for sale, and may suit their fancy.

We append a list, furnished us by a friend, of some of the best pictures:—

No. 8. Welsh fisher girl, by Miss August Reiter—painted while studying in Paris. Strong color, and well executed.

11. Home from School, a study from life, by Mrs. E. C. Waters, promises much, being good in expression and tone.

18. Fruit on a silver waiter, by Miss L. S. Johnson, of Williamsburg, New York, is very faithfully represented; and No. 45, a Rope of Onions, by the same, is so *strongly* executed it attracts admiration.

26. A fine fruit piece, by Miss Rumley, of London, Eng., contributed by Mr. Allderdice, is in masterly style, showing long and careful study, with years of practice.

28. Marguerite—"He loves me"—by Mrs. Steedley, is a good study and a pretty subject.

29. Cattle, after Van Starkenborg, by Mrs. Christie, is a very fine copy. And 32, a small landscape by the same artist, is a pleasing little view.

34 and 42. Landscapes in water color, by Miss Towne, are pleasing mountain views, very well executed.

36. The Young Mother, by Elias Jacobson, is a view of a French interior, painted while studying in Paris. This is the only composition of figures in the collection.

53 and 54. Paintings on Ivory by Mrs. Backe—very delicate and good copies.

51. "Pride of the North," by Miss J. Oakley, of New York, contributed by Mr. Claghorn—a finely executed painting on Ivory. Also, No. 57. Grapes, by the same artist.

We are much pleased to see Lithographs so well executed by Misses Van Horn and Smallwood. These ladies were students in the School of Design, and their work shows the result of careful study. This branch of art is sure of remuneration, and women who already draw well can readily learn it—earning good wages afterwards, and finding steady employment.

69. Flowers, in water colors, by Miss Crosdale, who is now studying in the London school, are well executed.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Rev. W. C. D. writes, when sending in his subscription to THE POST, as follows:—

"It is but simple truth to say, that, in the literary recreation it yields, its sound and sensible views on a great variety of subjects, and its many provocatives to innocent mirth, THE POST has given such satisfaction as I have not found in any other periodical."

Mr. S. E. W., of Spring Mills, Ohio, also says:—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the best fire-side companion in the world, excepting a good wife. As for the 'Song of Home at Sea,' I have been offered five dollars for it by several persons."

A BIG LUMP OF SILVER.—We saw one day last week, at the office of the "Brown Silver Mining Company of Colorado," a lump of pure silver from Colorado, worth about $10,000. We did not feel the least like picking it up and carrying it off, however, for it weighed five hundred and thirty-two pounds. We will warrant that not many of our readers—even of our California ones—ever saw a larger lump of pure silver than that. Its destination was the U. S. Mint.

FARMERS' CLUB SWEET CORN.—We have received from James B. Olcott, Buckland, Conn., two packages of the above seed corn. We notice among those who recommend it highly the names of Thomas Meehan and Donald G. Mitchell. They praise it as a decided improvement upon the common varieties.

NEW CRAYONS.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of "New Crayons"—a new style of Photographs introduced by those unsurpassed artists, Messrs. Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown, 914 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.—The most severe shock of earthquake since October last, occurred on the 2d at 5.45. The earthquake was felt with considerable force at San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton and Petalama. No damage was done to the buildings in San Francisco.

Silver mines have been discovered in the mountains near Sonoma, about seventy miles from San Francisco. The people are rushing thither, and the claims are being rapidly staked off.

☞ A recent traveller in Spain draws a frightful picture of the taste for bloodshed fostered by the atrocious bull-fights, and the appetite for amusements which involve peril of life and limb. He tells an affecting story of a young child who was announced to walk on a tight-rope of great length, and of an enormous height. The poor little girl, who was only seven years old, trembled at the danger, and bursting into tears begged to be excused. The audience forced her to proceed, using violent language and shaking their fists at her, and when she had accomplished the difficult feat only greeted her with jeers and hisses. Such an incident as this speaks very badly for the national *morale*.

☞ A shoe dealer of Cleveland has invented a novel apparatus for measuring a lady's foot. With his machine a correct measurement is taken of every part that the shoe covers, so that a misfit is an impossibility, and the whole shoe can be made the exact size and shape desired.

☞ The expedition of "twenty-five of Brigham Young's wives" to Chicago, which has recently been so glowingly described, has turned out to be a visit of *one* wife to her relatives in that city.

☞ We have been informed that the other evening the Siamese Twins were taken to the House of Commons to see the proceedings of the English Parliament. They unfortunately arrived just at the end of a debate, and were thrown into such a state of alarm by the cries of "Divide! Divide!" that they beat a precipitate retreat.—*London Fun.*

Homes for the City.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

Every year the problem of a home within easy reach of business in our large cities becomes more difficult of solution. The cars, both steam and horse, have contributed important aid, but during those hours when business men are returning to their homes the crowd is such as to make a seat impossible for polite men, while the impure air and dull, monotonous waiting for the home fireside and rest render the cars endurable only on compulsion; a pleasant, healthful home in the city, near one's business, is, at least for nine months of the year, a great *desideratum*.

There is no reason why the island of New York should not furnish healthful, pleasant, elegant homes for three million of people. The explanation is to be found in the erection of high buildings.

Suppose, for example, a block in some accessible down-town neighborhood, say in some of those districts where I observe, in visiting your city, the buildings are dilapidated and worthless—suppose these old buildings were removed from a block and a structure were erected of the following sort:

Let the buildings extend around all four sides of the block as usual. Let them be, say sixty feet deep and sixteen stories high. The walls must be so thick and strong that no question of their safety can arise. Let the buildings be made fire proof, which now is not difficult. Let the structure be so supplied with water and gas, wide halls and bath rooms, that cleanliness and cheerfulness may abound, while the returns from such investments would afford palatial ornamentation. In the block let there be twelve passenger elevators of large size, and twelve for other purposes of smaller size, to be run by steam. A person desiring to ascend to any part of the buildings would not be obliged to wait more than a minute. As to the expense of the elevators, the rent of the sixteenth story would more than meet it. This block would afford homes for a population of two or three thousand—not the crowded quarters of your tenant houses, but ample parlors and dormitories.

Now if the inhabitants of this little city would like to go further and secure still greater advantages, I will make this additional suggestion.

Within the hollow square in the centre of the block place the dining-room and kitchen. Let the dining-rooms begin with the ground floor and extend up to the sixteenth story inclusive, while the seventeenth should be the kitchen, with all the best machinery and facilities for rapid and perfect cookery. Put into this kitchen, as may well be afforded, not Irish ignorance and stupidity now found in nearly all our small kitchens, but the best science and skill.

Underneath the kitchen we have sixteen stories of dining-rooms, every one of which should be connected with the kitchen by rapid dumb waiters, run by steam. Every suite of rooms in the surrounding buildings should be connected with its dining-room by a covered passageway, which in case the furniture were to take fire would serve as a fire escape. There should be a speaking tube running to the central kitchen office from each suite of rooms, through which we could order the what and the when of our meals.

Nothing but recklessness or greediness could make the cost of well-cooked and healthy food more than half that of the miserably cooked unhealthy stuffs which Bridget now serves from our little imperfect kitchens.

It may occur to some one that buildings so very high would lack proper light in the lower rooms. On the contrary, if the walls were painted white, the light may be made abundant.

Of course "a grand dream," "Fourierism," and twenty other exclamations will come from the reader. If I had eight hundred thousand dollars I would come to your city and demonstrate the entire practicability and unspeakable advantages of this plan of city houses.

Last spring I came from Lexington (where my large school buildings had been destroyed by fire) and purchased a single lot on Beacon street, at its most valuable point, and during the summer erected a building, which to a limited extent, realizes the above suggestions. The building is eight stories high, has a steam elevator and two dumb waiters, with sixty large, sunny, pleasant rooms, hot and cold water in every bedroom, a mile and a quarter of speaking tube connecting every room in the house with the office, where I have placed an original annunciator making it very easy for a child, with a slight puff of air, from the farthest room in the house, to ring a gong bell in the office. This building affords a home for one hundred and twenty-five people, which is most complete and satisfactory. Let me illustrate one advantage. My rooms are in the eighth story, one hundred feet from the office. On going home at 3 o'clock to-day, I rode in the elevator to my floor, and suggested to my wife that we should dine in our parlor. Turning to the mouth of the speaking tube I blew, ringing the bell in the office, at the same time throwing down a silvered ball which indicated the number of my room. The clerk asked, "What is wanted?" "I will have such and such articles for dinner for wife and self in fifteen minutes." The articles were put in a portable cupboard with non-conducting sides, placed in one of the dumb waiters at the right time and sent up to the eighth story, giving notice to the waiter on that floor, "dinner for so and so." The waiter immediately came, spread the table, and left us in peace and quietness to dine at our leisure. No servant had ascended a single flight of stairs.

If from the eighth story of an ordinary hotel I had rung a bell and waited the accustomed fifteen minutes, or more, for the waiter to come, had then given my order and waited half an hour for the food to come, the waiter panting and puffing as if he had been running a race, it would have been unsatisfactory, and involved an additional expense. The gentleman to whom I have rented my house makes no extra charge for serving meals in private rooms. Indeed, there is no additional expense involved in it. Thus each family group can preserve that precious, sacred privacy of the family table which we all prize so highly.

I am deeply interested in this subject and might write about it for hours, but this is enough for the present.

Allow me in conclusion to add, for the capitalist, who might be induced to consider the erection of such city residences, that while an ordinary city house in Boston, in the neighborhood of my own, may be rented for six thousand dollars a year, it is not difficult to rent mine in suites of rooms for twenty-five thousand dollars, while the rent of the eighth story will pay nearly two thousand dollars more than the expense of running the elevator and dumb waiters.—*Herald of Health.*

The Dry Earth Cure.

It has been proposed within the last year or two, to substitute earth closets for water closets, in the arrangements of houses, hospitals, &c. They have been adopted to some extent in England, where they meet with much favor. The system, it appears, was tried recently in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia. The result was not only highly satisfactory as to the specific object, but led to the important medical discovery that the most serious and offensive sores and wounds are rapidly cured by the application of dry earth when other remedies have failed. A correspondent of the New York Post, (George E. Waring, Jr.,) gives an account of the success of the system as applied at the hospital, and says it has been so complete that it is proposed to substitute earth closets for water closets wherever these exist in that institution. Of the curative qualities of dry earth he gives numerous illustrations. The first case tried was as follows:

"At the time of its introduction there was lying in the ward a patient suffering from a very severe compound fracture of the lower leg. The wound was in an unhealthy condition, and its exudations, amounting to a pint in twenty-four hours, were so offensive as to cause a sickening and even dangerous stench, that the excellent ventilation of the ward and the use of the usual disinfectants were hardly able even to mitigate. It occurred to Dr. Hewson to test the power of dry earth to absorb this odor, as it had that of excrement. The effect was magical. Not only was the offensiveness entirely overcome, but the effect on the character of the wound itself was such as no previous treatment had been able to compass. The suppuration was, within a few days, so reduced, that the daily dressing of a single half pint of earth was not even saturated; the edges of the flesh wound lost their inflamed character; the intense pain of the sore was entirely reduced, and a healthy granulation has ensued."

The hint thus obtained was not disregarded, and earth was afterwards used in the dressing of wounds. Nine cases which he witnessed on Monday last, are described by Mr. Waring. We copy several of the cases mentioned:—

"Two patients suffering from serious varicose ulcers, after prolonged suffering, and with little relief from the usual treatment, have ceased to be offensive to their ward mates; they find their sores growing daily smaller; all pain and inflammation have left them; and they feel the certainty of an early cure.

"A railroad brakeman whose hand was, a year and a half ago, crushed between the coupling heads of two cars, and who has never been free from pain, and seldom from intense pain; whose hand from the wrist to the knuckles was a festering mass of carious bones and inflamed flesh, and whose system had been so reduced that he could not have survived the amputation, which alone can entirely relieve him, is now happy in freedom from pain. His flesh wound has taken on a healthy character, and his strength is fast returning. He even hopes to save his hand, but the long-continued decay of the bone makes this impossible.

"Another brakeman suffering from a precisely similar injury, in no respect less serious, but received within a few days, was immediately treated with dry earth. Its constant application has entirely prevented inflammation, and a healthy healing of the flesh and knitting of the bone will soon return him to his duties with two useful hands.

"In the case of a woman who had been dangerously burned she was quickly relieved of pain and is recovering fast. Last Wednesday an entire breast was removed for cancer, and the wound dressed with dry earth. It is now healing rapidly. There has been no inflammation and no suppuration."

These are remarkable statements, and will no doubt attract general attention from the medical profession.

BEAVERS.—An agent of the Union Pacific railroad engaged in getting out ties near the town of Wyoming, in that territory, found it necessary to build dams at certain points, intending soon to hoist all the gates, in order to create a flood that would enable him to float the ties down the Laramie river. When the dam builders left their work the first night the beavers commenced where the men had left off, and continued working on the dam during the night, accomplishing a vast amount of work in a satisfactory manner. Not only this, but in two or three instances, where breaks have occurred, the beavers have repaired them in a workmanlike manner. The story comes from highly respectable authority.

☞ Boring in the artesian well near St. Louis has reached the depth of upwards of three-quarters of a mile. At this point the borers have struck granite, with no prospect of water. Work on the well will now cease.

☞ James Harper, the senior partner of the well-known New York book publishing firm, died on March 27th, 1869, in consequence of injuries received by being thrown out of a carriage. He was 74 years of age.

☞ At a recent opera ball in Paris a yellow domino was observed to be boring to every lady in a black or rose domino, whose hand he kissed respectfully and retired without saying a word, but making a note in his tablet. Yellow domino was one of the most distinguished editors in Paris, who was engaged in the solution of a great social problem: How many pairs of new gloves are worn to-night at this opera mask? And he found that of 356 which he had smelt at under pretence of kissing, there were only 18 which had no aroma of benzine, or which had not been cleaned.

☞ The life preservers sold in the English towns are found not to be cork, even when so stamped—but deceptive and wicked cheats. This startling exposure naturally suggests the question: Are the cork-jackets, the buoys and the other so-called life-preservers, now provided for passengers on our own ships and steamboats, to be depended upon?

☞ Envelopes are now made in England with the mucilage on the lower part of the envelope instead of the flap. On moistening the edge of the flap, as usual, and pressing it down upon the gummed surface below, a very thorough adhesion takes place, without the objection of getting the taste of the gum in the mouth, or removing a part of it by the tongue.

A Sad Tragedy.

On Monday morning the 29th, Mr. James L. Blackiston, of the firm of Funston & Blackiston, guilders, No. 912 Market street, Philadelphia, murdered his wife and two children, the oldest eight years old, and then went down to Chestnut street wharf, and drowned himself in the Delaware.

Insanity was undoubtedly the cause of the awful act, owing partly probably to the thought that his business affairs were not very flourishing. He was a well-to-do Connecticut farmer, fourteen or fifteen months ago. He had a good-sized farm, well stocked, and was as well situated as a young man could desire to be. All at once he conceived the idea of selling off and trying his fortune elsewhere. He finally did so, and came on to Philadelphia to see what business he could engage in, and left his family behind. Entering into partnership with Mr. Funston, in the picture-frame making and gilding, of which he had not any knowledge, he sent on for his family and went to housekeeping. His conduct of late has shown that the result of his venture was not equal to his expectations. He has at times evinced great depression of spirits.

After the murder he wrote to his father-in-law in Connecticut:—

Dear Father—I send you what I am. I have killed my three angels; they are angels still. JAMES.

It was written on one of the blanks of Adams' Express Company, and probably in the office of the same. The penmanship was such that the words could scarcely be deciphered, an evidence of the condition of mind of the writer, as he ordinarily wrote a plain hand. His father-in-law telegraphed at once to Mr. Funston:—

"I have received a letter from James, saying that his wife and children are killed. Telegraph immediately. ZELAH LEE."

This was the first known in this city of what had occurred—the house being immediately visited, and the sad story found to be true. The entire appearance of the premises gave evidence of comfort and domestic content before the terrible tragedy occurred. The room was well furnished, and it was evident that the children were well cared for, as plenty of toys lay scattered around; a handsome child's couch was placed in a corner in the parlor, and two or three children's chairs were in the rooms. A number of handsome pictures decorated the walls of the parlor and dining-room, and in the latter was an excellent book-case, containing a large number of religious, historical, and other works of a standard character, such only as would be used by a man of education and Christian principles.

An examination of the upper part of the house disclosed well-furnished bed-rooms and many valuables. Two or three gold watches were found and a number of gold bracelets, &c. One of the bracelets contained a photograph of the husband of the murdered woman. On a mantle up-stairs, two half bricks were found, and on the wall near them was a handsome colored picture shattered to pieces. The supper-table, in the dining-room, was nicely set with napkins rolled in silver napkin rings, and other things in accordance.

It is entirely evident that the triple murder was committed with an axe found in the kitchen, and that the murderer was Mr. Blackiston, the husband and father. It was not until Tuesday that it became known.

The murdered woman was found clothed in a sort of purple dress, and her general attire was such as a house-wife wears when performing her domestic duties. Her body lay stretched across the floor, and near her, on her right side, with their heads almost touching the body of their mother, lay stretched out the dead bodies of her two children, dressed in their night clothes. The head and face of each of the children were covered with blood, and each contained a number of frightful contused wounds, either of which was sufficient to produce death. The boy was dressed in a Canton flannel close-fitting night shirt and drawers, and the little girl in a sort of quilted night gown. There were no indications of a struggle to be seen.

The father of Mr. Blackiston is a man in good circumstances, reported to be well off in a financial point of view. As he advanced in years, however, and was physically unable to work, he became melancholy and depressed in spirits. He expressed his fears that he would, as is termed by Mr. Bushnell, have to be supported by the town—become a pauper. In consequence of this his friends watched him very closely, for fear that he would take his life. It is the impression of the friends of young Mr. Blackiston that he labored under a similar hallucination, and destroyed his family for fear they would come to want. He was a strictly religious man, without a bad habit of any kind, much attached to his wife, and very attentive to his business.

☞ Mr. Catlin, the Prairie Traveller and Artist, has communicated to Trubner's American and Oriental Literary Record, the curious fact—if it should prove to be fact—that a great river, "larger than the Mississippi," flows under the Rocky Mountains! Mr. Catlin is about to submit the evidence which he has collected in favor of this startling hypothesis to the world.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Spring wheat Flour has been moderately active. About 10,000 bbls sold at $5,25@5,75 for superfine, $6@6,50 for extra, $6,50@7,25 for Northwest family, the latter rate for choice, $7@8,75 for Penna extra family, $8@9,50 for Ohio family, and $10@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $7,50@8 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in fair demand. About 40,000 bus sold, including Penna, Western and Southern red, at $1,55@1,65; amber at $1,70@1,85; white at $1,80@1,90; California at $1,85@1,90, and No. 1 spring at $1,60@1,68. Rye—5000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,42@1,50 ₱ bus. Corn—75,000 bus sold at 81@85c for Western mixed; 85@88c for yellow, and 82@85c for white. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 72@73c for Western, and 60@62c ₱ bus for Penna and Southern; 3000 bus of Barley Malt sold at $2,15 ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very quiet. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@19c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18c; Shoulders at 14½@15c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 21@22c.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 900 bales of middlings sold at 28½@29½c for Uplands, and 29½@30c for New Orleans.

FEATHERS are taken at 85@90c.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,25@1,30; mixed do $1,15@1,20; inferior do $1,05@1,10, and Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 7@18c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is less doing; sales of No 1 Anthracite at $41@42, and No 2 at $39@40. Scotch Pig sells at $46@47,50 ₱ ton, and Glendon at $27. Manufactured Iron commands $82,50@87 ₱ ton for bars.

SEEDS—1000 bus Cloverseed sold at $9,50@10,25, according to quality. Timothy—700 bus sold at $2,50@2,62½. Flaxseed is selling at $2,35 ₱ bus.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Sales of 40,000 lbs at 52½c for extra; 52½c for fine; 52@55c for one-half blood; 52@55c for one-quarter blood; 47@48c for common; 62@65c for tub; 25@27c for unwashed, and 45@48c for pulled, as to quality.

Sculptors of Our Own Faces.

The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and for a brief moment the soul looks through a splendid mask of time, transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices or passions.

It is a great misfortune to be pre-occupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns' and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable-looking men. Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; Da Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer and Thompson, have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakespeare, Moliere and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skillful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquility like Washington's, or titanic like Webster's.

Do Not Trifle with Danger.

A single spark may kindle a flame that will consume a city, and small ailments neglected, may end in fatal disorders. Bearing this fact in mind, let the first symptoms of debility or nervous prostration be met promptly with invigorating treatment. Foremost among the vegetable tonics of the age stands HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and whenever the vital powers seem to languish, or there is any reason to suspect that the animal functions essential to the sustenation and purification of the body are imperfectly performed, this invaluable invigorant and anti-septic should at once be resorted to. Indigestion always produces weakness of the bodily powers. Sometimes it happens that the appetite demands more food than the stomach can digest; though not more, perhaps, than is required to keep up the full strength of the frame. The object, under such circumstances, is to increase the digestive capacity of the assimilating organ, so as to make it equal to the duty imposed upon it by the appetite, and capable of supplying the *building material of the system* as fast as it is required. This object is fully accomplished by the use of the Bitters. They tone and gently stimulate the cellular membrane which secretes the gastric juice, and the result is that the solvent is mingled with the food in sufficient quantity to convert all its nourishing particles into pure and wholesome element. If, on the other hand, there is a deficiency of appetite, without any corresponding deficiency of digestive power, the effect of the tonic is to stimulate a desire for food. In nineteen cases out of twenty, headache, nausea, nervousness, fainting-fits, spasms, and, indeed, most of the casual aches and pains to which humanity is subject, proceed primarily from indigestion complicated with biliousness; and for both these complaints HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are recommended as a speedy and certain remedy.

ap2-4t

☞ MOLES.—A correspondent of an English paper says:—"The following remedy to remove moles may be of use to some of your readers. I had one on my face, which I frequently cut while shaving. I removed it without any trouble, merely by applying a stick of nitrate of silver to it once or twice. Moisten the stick—very slightly is sufficient—touch the mole once, and it will turn black. Do not interfere with it while sore; it will dry up and fall off like a scab. If it does not come off clean enough the first time, repeat the operation."

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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INTERESTING TO LADIES.—The Grover & Baker Machine which I purchased in June, 1857, has given me the greatest satisfaction. During the *eleven years* it has been in constant use, and it has never required the least repair. Mrs. J. G. PHIPPS,
108 W. 13th St., New York.

☞ CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of the toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to the tooth. [An old but, some say, very good remedy.]

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.10. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

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☞ The young ladies down east complain that the young men are so poor they can't pay their addresses!

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1490 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $75 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@9½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 16,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

Sleeping Together.

The "Laws of Life" says:—

"More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school-girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices in mechanic shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law; and in married life it is defied almost universally."

Burnett's Tooth Wash is a good article.

☞ The following advertisement appears in an English paper:—"GRAMMAR SCHOOL, W——n.—Wanted immediately, a Second Assistant Master, to teach thoroughly writing and arithmetic, also junior English subjects. Must be a good cricketer and round-arm bowler. Character to bear the strictest investigation. Salary, £40—increasing to £60."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Long life is best secured by carefully regulating the functions of digestion, circulation, secretion and excretion, and as this medicine acts upon the stomach, liver, blood and bowels, it may be justly called a life-lengthening curative.

☞ There is a proposition from Scotland to have a great celebration in the various lands in which the English language is spoken and read, of the hundredth anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birth-day, viz., on August 15, 1871. No doubt it will be extensively acted upon.

If your Druggist Don't Have it,

send $5 to Dr. Wolcott, 170 Chatham square, N. Y. and you will get a pint of PAIN PAINT, or 6 pints of ANNIHILATOR, free of express charges. ap10-2t

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☞ The solar engine, invented by a Frenchman, named Mouchot, has proved successful, it is said. A concave reflector is used to concentrate the sunshine on a boiler blackened with smoke. It is computed that in the latitude of Paris the heat reflected from a surface of a square meter, or 10.75 square feet, will make a quart of water, taken at the freezing point, boil in ten minutes. An area of 100 square meters will furnish as much heat in ten hours as can be got from burning 60 pounds of coal. How they do in cloudy weather is not stated.

THE PRINCE OF ADVERTISERS.—Not many papers which come to our editorial sanctum that do not contain the advertisement of Holmbold, the great "Buchan man," of New York. Beginning life a poor boy, he has risen to the position of one of the most extensive dealers in drugs and medicines in New York, by his perseverance under the most discouraging circumstances, and the free use of printers' ink. We have seen it stated that his expense for advertising for the year 1868, will not fall short of $150,000. He has the utmost faith in its benefits, or he would not venture such a fortune, which, to many, seems like "throwing money to the winds," but far different with him. He says he knows he will reap his money back, with more added. Advertisers and all others should give this suggestion a thought.—*Daily Times, N. Y.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Murphy, JEREMIAH BURRELL to AMANDA M. GLENTWORTH, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. CHARLES F. OTTINGER to Miss SALLIE REED, both of this city.

On the 1st of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. JAMES M. WINTERBOTTOM to EMMA L. BERINGHOVE, both of this city.

On the 24th of Feb., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM G. RUSSELL, of Baltimore, Md., to ABBY A. SMITH, of Absecom, N. J.

On the 19th of Jan., 1868, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. ALBERT J. BANNEN to Miss IDA A. CORFELDT, both of this city.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. SAMUEL C. DUHAMELL to Miss SALLIE E. SLATER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of March, WILHELMINA Y. ARCHER, in her 30th year.

On the 29th of March, WILLIAM N. DURHAM, aged 40 years.

On the 29th of March, MARGARET, wife of the late Geo. Pepper, aged 73 years.

On the 29th of March, Mrs. LYDIA MARKLEY, in her 55th year.

On the 28th of March, WILLIAM GILLESPIE, aged 50 years.

On the 26th of March, JONATHAN CUNNINGHAM, in his 45th year.

On the 27th of March, GEORGE H. GREENWOOD, in his 43d year.

On the 27th of March, Mrs. HANNAH BOND, in her 83d year.

On the 26th of March, Mrs. AMANDA S. FURMAN, in her 28th year.

THE NEW METHOD

FOR THE PIANO FORTE

By WILLIAM MASON, (the distinguished pianist,) and E. S. HOADLY, is a great improvement upon all previous works, and is used and recommended as such by the best teachers. It preserves what was valuable in previous books, and adds many new features. It is the only modern Piano Forte Instructor published, presenting the technics of modern Piano Forte playing. It is easier to teach and learn from, and secures more rapid and thorough progress than any other book. No teacher of the Piano Forte can afford to do without its aid. It is the best book for beginners and the best for those who have made progress. Price $4. To facilitate its examination by teachers, we will, until July 1st, send a single copy to any teacher of the Piano Forte, by mail, postage paid, for half price, *two dollars*. An edition is published with *European Fingering*, and one with AMERICAN FINGERING.

Published by MASON BROTHERS,
154 Tremont St., Boston. 596 Broadway, New York.
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LET US HAVE PEACE.

The music to be performed at the grand

National Peace Jubilee,

To be held in Boston, June, 1869. Comprising 15 Choruses from Oratorios and Masses.

Just Published and Ready for Sale.

Price 50 cts. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
Steel blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare;
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

Strong ash and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceased her quivering,
As though she too, were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, oh, blackbird?
Oh, thrush, why dost not sing?
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

Oh, heart! thy days are darksome;
Oh, heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Let them be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

Common Sense vs. Tight Dressing.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

Ladies, in The Herald of Health I note a call from the Ladies' Seminary at Cleveland, for an article on the evil consequences of corsets and tight dresses. To this request I am moved to respond. The writer goes on to say, "Our connection with the girl's school brings before us the startling fact that this pernicious habit is gaining ground." Very likely. If so, the old adage is no longer true, that every generation grows weaker and wiser; but weaker and more and more foolish. For after twenty years constant watching of womanhood of all ages and in all phases, we have come to the conclusion that there is no one thing that is so sure to make them weak in every sense as tight dresses. Girdle a tree and you lessen the depth of the roots and the height to which the branches will attain, the beauty of the foliage and the quality of the fruit. So, too, girdle a girl too tightly and you will lessen her hold on earth and her growth toward heaven. Every grace of body and spirit will be diminished thereby. The writer above mentioned says, "The combined effort of all who see the evil of tight dressing is necessary to combat it." This is true, and then I fear they would fail, because tight dressing seems to squeeze out all "common sense," physiological and Christian sense, so that you cannot make the victim of this fashionable inquisition either see or feel that it is wrong thus to sin against the body. I trust this class are not past praying for; but they often seem to be past preaching to with hope of profit. Nevertheless, as I have faith in the truth, I have kept talking against tight dressing for a quarter of a century, and expect to hold to my theme for another quarter, if I don't get so disgusted with the wickedness of women upon this point that I become dumb from sheer contempt. Yes, I have faith in the truth, and believe, like good seed, it should be sown broadcast, knowing that some will fall on good ground. But women compressed by corsets have a soil too shallow to support good seed; or like wayside hearers, birds carry it away. During these many years of sowing we have found some good ground. We have found a few who had ears to hear and hearts to understand. These have kept us in courage to hold on to the work. Among this class we number with great pleasure many young earnest Christian girls, who longed for mind and muscle with which to do the Master's work. Such were not in bondage to the Prince of this world, and felt that their bodies as well as their spirits were the Lord's, and were therefore to be made the most of possible.

Others have so suffered in the flesh that they are ready to cease from sin and respond to any suggestions which will lessen the number and severity of their infirmities. But many of our invalids are so wedded to their small waists that they will not give up tight dressing, even if a cure is to be had in no other way. Many have been under pressure of this kind so long that they cannot realize that it does harm, indeed they feel very badly when corsets are removed; "it seems," they say, "as if they should fall to pieces."

The tight bands in early babyhood begin the work of compressing the chest, bringing the floating ribs toward each other, while the bones are soft and pliable. This is continued through the growing age, so that the waist of the American lady and the foot of the Chinese woman are formed or deformed by the same heathenish process. Indeed, so accustomed are many to depend upon the dress for support that they cannot sit erect without it, and having always been compressed, take it as a matter of course they must be, and seem not to have the least idea that their manifold infirmities are induced thereby.

So much has been said against tight dressing for the last one hundred years that every one knows that it is wrong just as well as they know that sinning is wrong, but no one believes they do dress too tightly. I have been mother confessor for all manner of sins against the flesh for many years, and yet have met but very few persons who confessed that they ever had dressed too tightly, and still fewer who were now in the habit of so doing. While ladies are proud of a small waist they regard it as an insult to be accused of making one. The question is not "Is it *wrong* to compress the chest?" for to find any one who approves of tight dressing would be more difficult than to find a needle in a hay mow. Nevertheless, there are plenty thus dressed, all the way from the grand ladies at the President's levee to the poor serving maid seeking a place.

Now to the question! When is a dress too tight? Whenever one cannot fill the lungs to the utmost without being hindered by bands of any kind. The rule is very simple. When a dress is being fitted or belts being measured, take in a full inspiration, or as we often say, a long breath, and then we are ready for measurement. Many ladies have the waist sufficiently ample, but wear skirt bands and belts too tight, and thus compress the chest at the most compressible point, in the region of the floating ribs. Stricture here impairs the healthful action of not only the organs in that section, but of all those lying above or below the ligature. If the bottom of the waist is snugly bound, the diaphragm is limited in its action, hence the lower portion of the lungs are not fully inflated. The stomach and liver lack their proper play-room and needed motion, and with both digestion and respiration impeded there is no power to keep health in any part of the body. The system not only lacks due oxygenation, but the lower section of the lungs from being long unused lose their healthful action, and thus is laid the foundation of incipient consumption.

The stomach and liver lack both the room and the exercise needed to perform their functions well, and this invites indigestion and constipation.

The whole twenty-four feet of alimentary canal is also kept too quiet, being deprived of the oscillation which a full free respiration imparts. Breathing should move all the viscera from the thorax to the pelvis. In most women genteelly dressed, there is but slight motion, save in the upper portion of the lungs. The want of action in the abdominal muscles makes them weak and flaccid, and they fail to give due support to the organs within. *Just here* lies often the foundation of that long list of feminine infirmities, bearing the disagreeable title of "female diseases," about which we will not speak now, but reserve our words for some private interview when you are so unfortunate as to become our patient.

And now for the corsets! Why are they worn? To improve the figure, many say. And yet some of the finest forms I have ever seen were no corsets, but were supposed to do so because of the fine bust. In reference to these, I have been asked what corsets or shoulder braces they wore, the inquirer wishing to secure the same, because the chest was so complete in its contour. Now, the peculiarity with these very young ladies was that they had never worn corsets or been compressed, padded, or braced in any way, but had dressed loosely and taken gymnastics, which are better than corsets to improve the bust.

If one wishes a fine figure, do not encase it in whalebone, so as to limit muscular motion, but rather encourage the free development of every organ within and without by appropriate action; that is, take in the most air possible, so as to make lungs full and free; throw shoulders back so as to make the chest broad and erect; give free play to all the muscles, so that they will grow strong and support the body well without artificial aid.

When any one depends on corsets or braces or any sort to support the body, the muscles about the back and chest become weak for lack of needed exercise. Some say they wear corsets and braces because they do not feel able to stand or sit erect without them. Such can soon overcome this debility by laying aside any artificial support and taking exercise and rest alternately, as their strength will allow. Others say they wear them to support their skirts, but these allow both the support and the supported to rest on the organs below. All clothing should be suspended from the shoulders and not allowed to rest upon stomach or bowels. Others still, speak of skirt bands and belts giving an uncomfortable sense of pressure, or as they say "cut in" when they are without corsets. If so, they are too tight or not properly adjusted. They should be buttoned to a waist, so that all the clothing may be suspended from broad and strong shoulders, made to carry all needed burdens. For full directions on this point, see "Woman's Dress," by Mrs. M. M. Jones, M. D.* Of course every woman should have the good sense to dress warmly, with the least weight possible. But in matters of dress, ladies are very saving of their sense, if they have any. For instance, they wear light muslin under crinoline and heavy balmorals over it, so as to keep warm. On the same principle one might put their blanket shawl over their umbrella instead of over the shoulders, when going out in a cold rain storm. Long skirts bring weight often unsupported and give very little warmth. The weariness, the lack of ability to walk, to go up and down stairs, the troubles induced thereby is owing largely to these two faults in dressing—compression in the region of the floating ribs, and pressure on the viscera below, for want of supported skirts.

The good Father has not made us so imperfectly that we cannot climb hills or go up stairs unless we are really sick, or have greatly sinned against the powers He has given us. I am ashamed of women when they say that stairs at boarding schools are killing our young ladies. Why, they ought to be able to go up all the stairs and all the hills in their region, if they have no other exercise! If they have not muscle enough to do that, they will not long have mind enough for profitable study.

When I look over our young ladies and see their youthful faces sickly, sallow, spiritless, and disfigured by eruptions, I can read compression at the bottom of the waist, imperfect action of the stomach and liver, and a long line of other infirmities which no dose can cure. The blood being imperfectly oxygenized, and waste matter imperfectly eliminated, the skin is burdened with business not its own. When consulted for some cosmetic we are always obliged to say that there is no cure for a bad skin while the bowels are confined, and there is no way to make them right but to set the liver free and give it abundant exercise, and this it can never get so long as there are corsets or close bands confining the lower ribs. Along with all these, fill the lungs, beat the chest and liver, walk briskly (if up hill all the better), take light gymnastics, or better, active domestic work, and in three months you will be several inches larger at the bottom of the waist, which of course no young lady wants, hence she will not try this prescription. So we shall leave her sallow and pimply in face, and depressed in spirit, for she prefers these blemishes to that of a waist of good size.

Conscience only can correct this curse of womanhood, compression of the chest. And as women seldom heed conscience in matters of fashion, it is of little use to appeal to that. Our ladies have their Christian aspirations. They want to be good and do good, only they fail to realize that God giveth them the body, and for its right use they are accountable to Him. They forget that the good Father has given us instinct, sensation, and reason, by which we may know how to care for our physical powers, and fail to listen to this voice which is ever ready to guide us in reference to our bodily needs.—*Herald of Health.*

*Sold by Miller, Wood & Co., 15 Laight St., New York.

Where to Live Cheaply.

As the enormous taxes and high living of this country are driving a good many people into straits, we copy from Dr. Hall's "Journal of Health, the following relative to living in Germany:—

That class of persons who have a fixed income, and are out of business, especially if they have children to educate, will find it a money-saving operation to go abroad.

GERMANY

Is the Mecca of all who wish to live comfortably on comparatively small means. As we have recently been over the ground, we will give some items which will interest some of our readers.

In Bonn, Manheim, Heidelberg and other places on or near the Rhine, there are numerous schools, colleges and universities, numbering a thousand students, where living is comparatively cheap, and the opportunities of education very great.

A fine double house, three stories high, with large gardens on each side, and lawn, extending to the banks of the river, completely furnished, was pointed out by a citizen as renting for five hundred gold dollars a year; superior cooks at forty dollars a year, and housemaids for about twenty-five.

In Manheim there is a boarding-school for young ladies, patronized by the nobility and under the supervision of the Duchess of the country and her generous husband; by their joint liberalities, the inmates pay only for board, washing and some other items; the entire cost being only two hundred and forty gold dollars a year. At Heidelburg, ten miles from the Rhine, by rail, which has so much about it that is historic, and quaint and beautiful and grand; the abode of royalty for centuries; where many a time and oft contending armies have made its streets all black and desolate with the havoc of war and fire and blood; beautiful and classic Heidelberg, with its pleasing memories, has been repeatedly burned to ashes, razed to its very foundations, and again and again bombarded, but is still grand in its ruins, and in its memories; here fully competent instructors in music, painting, drawing, sketching, modern languages, in short, every branch is represented, for about forty cents an hour, and sometimes lower. A family of four, with parlor, dining-room and four chambers, very pleasantly furnished; their meals all brought, at stated times, fresh and hot, with servants to remove everything promptly, pay about twenty dollars a week in currency; living as retired as if in their own private dwellings, the houses being so constructed that each floor is distinct from the other portions of the building, and no one enters your domain except yourself.

While there, for a short time, we had occasion to order a pair of gaiter-boots; they were made to measure, after the New York fashion, by a man who had made shoes in New York twelve years, for two dollars and a half in gold a pair; other things are in proportion. We found quite a large number of American and English families there; the Episcopal church was filled every Sabbath day, the rector being an English gentleman of education and ability and a good man; the vine-clad hills tower above the town from one to two thousand feet in luxuriant verdure, while the peaceful Necker glides away into the plain below in its silvery brightness, gladdening the eye and crowding the mind with peaceful scenery; that is, writing travellers would rattle on in this style, but what attracted our attention was the comparative immorality of New York with this now peaceful, quiet old town, where they have no fences in its suburbs, the fields being separated by a simple path, and their market garden spots are divided from the great highway by a patch of grass a few inches wide; while in New York neither wooden fences forty feet high, nor stone walls a yard thick, nor iron bars, nor cavaleades of policemen, nor any other human safeguard can prevent depredations on the property and premises of peaceful, honest citizens. It really seems that good, honest, well-meaning people of moderate means would be gainers, morally, socially, civilly and pecuniarily by emigrating, in a body, to honest, plodding, peaceful Germany, and in the blessed feeling of abiding security and low prices, spend the remnant of their days, while their children are prosecuting their studies in quietude, playfulness and peace.

LIVING IN DRESDEN,

The city of the court, is more expensive, but to many more enjoyable, as it has fifty thousand inhabitants; has extensive libraries and picture galleries; where the opera and other public amusements attract multitudes of strangers to the place; it is probably the most enjoyable city in Europe; it would at least seem so from the large number of American and English families, who reside there permanently.

The facilities for the education of both sexes are very great in Dresden. The houses are adapted to the accommodation of a number of families, each family occupying a "floor," as it is called there, we term them stories, but so arranged that each floor is a complete house in itself, with parlor dining-room, chamber, kitchen, closets, etc. One of these stories, completely furnished with greater or less elegance, can be had for thirty-five to one hundred dollars a month. A first floor of one of the finest residences in the city, containing seventeen rooms, rents for eleven hundred dollars a year, in our paper money; the third story, of eight rooms, nicely furnished, brings three hundred paper dollars a year. Many American and English families are living in first and second stories, with rooms, linen, kitchen utensils and furniture, for five hundred paper dollars a year. Servants' wages are low—cooks for three to six dollars a month, not a week, but a month; chickens and eggs are very low. To live in Dresden in about the same style we would live in New York, costs from one-half to two-thirds less than it does here. The charges for

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

Are very reasonable. Piano lessons are given there for one and two dollars, which instructors in Boston and New York, of no greater ability, charge five dollars an hour for. One of the best female teachers in Dresden charges fifty paper cents an hour, and the same for the best German teachers.

CLOTHING.

Suits and overcoats, which cost here from seventy to eighty dollars, cost less than thirty-five there, while our fifteen and twenty-dollar laced boots are had there for five or six; the best shirts are two-fifty each; the best German kid gloves cost one dollar; a drive in a public vehicle costs twelve cents; an opera box costs one dollar and twenty-five cents, and concert tickets from a dime to a dollar.

SEA-VOYAGE.

There are a good many persons in the United States who have no money to throw away, having earned it honestly in legitimate business and after many years of economy and self-denial find themselves with little more than they have use for, and would like to make an economical trip across the ocean. A man can go from New York to Heidelberg for a hundred and forty paper dollars or less; they take passage in the "Anchor Line" of steamers to Glasgow, ninety dollars; to Edinburgh, two; to Rotterdam, at the mouth of the Rhine, ten; up the whole length of the Rhine passing Cologne, Bingen, the mouth of the "Blue Moselle," and various other places of great interest, to Manheim, being three nights on the way, when the boats lay by, ten dollars; from Manheim to Heidelberg, by rail, ten miles, for which last an extra or unexpected expenses also ten dollars more. If a quicker and more direct passage is desired, take a New York and German steamer to Hamburg or Bremen, one hundred and twenty dollars in gold, thence to Dresden or Heidelberg direct by rail for about fifteen dollars in gold. If persons wish to go by London or Liverpool, the cost is about a hundred dollars in gold; from London to Heidelberg is about fifteen dollars in gold. But this is enough about foreign travel in one article, at another time other things may be said. But there was one great comfort in Scotland, London, and Germany, that of being able to go to bed with a feeling of perfect security, without the necessity of locking your chamber-door, then bolting it, then putting your bedstead against it, and after all having a loaded revolver which will shoot yourself and half-a-dozen others, in the time you could say "Jack Robinson," as is the case in New York.

LONG AGO.

As through the poplar's gusty spire
The March wind sweeps and sings,
I sit beside the hollow fire
And dream familiar things;
Old memories wake, faint echoes make
A murmur of dead Springs.

Ah, days when life had aim and meaning,
Lost, buried years ago!
When friend—no shadow intervening—
Was friend, and foe was foe;
When life had youth, and love had truth,
And heart had faith to show.

Somewhere, now woods are green and tender;
Somewhere hedgerows are filled
With buds; somewhere, if winds befriend her,
The thrush begins to build;
Somewhere no fears has Spring, no tears
For hopes that March has killed.

Sing, thrush, your songs of praise and passion;
Fill all the budding wood
With music of that bygone fashion
My youth so understood!
Now I am old, the world grows cold,
And God alone is good.

Love and Marriage.

That love is the leading element of the highest happiness in marriage; that love, while it lasts, covers a multitude of errors, privations, misfortunes—even sins—I do not doubt. But the question is, How far is love, when unaccompanied by any other of the conditions which I have mentioned as belonging to a perfect marriage, itself a justification of marriage? True love works wonders; but it cannot prevent the physical and mental ailments which develope themselves in people of feeble organisms. It cannot supply a lack of intelligence, a want of force, in either husband or wife; and, as all housekeepers know, it cannot "make the pot boil." Love alone, when we consider its proverbial instability, and the small chance it has of surviving under bleak conditions, is certainly an insufficient capital upon which to commence the partnership of marriage. This is true of even the highest and strongest love; how much more so of the hasty and passionate attachments which lead to so many thousands of marriages!

There is an infinity of false sentiment about the passion of love. While I would not cast a doubt upon the existence of noble love, of devotion, and of passion which no sorrow or trial can tire, which is even refined and strengthened by suffering, yet the value, the office, the very nature of love in our ordinary life is greatly misunderstood. Love is the most exaggerated passion in literature. It holds, in our imaginations, a position which it does not hold in the life of one man or woman in a thousand. "Being the supreme passion of modern art," says a recent writer, "it becomes necessary to sound high its praises. We should suppose, if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and the anxieties of pairing. Many young people are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the other interests of life. They cannot see men as they are, engaged in their daily work, pursuing their various ends and living a multifarious life, of which love is but a single element." Our regard for the passion overstepe the healthy limit, and becomes morbid; we judge of it unduly; we attend to its promptings with absurd expectations; we teach ourselves that the passion is uncontrollable, and regard it as a kind of fate; and we glorify the supremacy of a first love, as if the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect. Considering the widespread misery which our misconceptions of love have wrought, we might doubt whether this passion was not the greatest misfortune as well as the greatest blessing in the world. We may conclude, in spite of Chaucer, that Love's allegiance is not the *only* thing needful to make a permanently happy marriage.—*April Galaxy.*

☞ More care should be exercised in what we breathe than in what we eat. We breathe incessantly, and only eat occasionally. But nine people in ten shut out pure air as if it were infection, and breathe that which is foul as if healthy. The great air question needs constant and thorough ventilation.

☞ A farmer in Michigan, finding that his sheep were disappearing mysteriously recently, placed a wolf-trap in the field. A few days afterward he found it sprung, and now one of his neighbors is laid up with a sprained ankle.

Earthquake Experiences.

It has been often asserted, and is largely believed, that atmospheric and other meteoric phenomena often prognosticate the approach of earthquakes; and it is alleged that animals and men have an obscure perception and foreboding of them, manifested by a feeling of anxiety and restlessness, shuddering and tremblings of the limbs. Von Tschudi, a good authority, affirms that he several times experienced this sensation while in Peru, just before the occurrence of earthquakes. My own experience of several years in countries subjected to these phenomena, but which, however, is entirely of a negative character, does not confirm these statements and hypotheses. It was confined to a residence of a year on the coast of Peru, and to three rather decisive shocks. I do not mention those slight tremors of the ground which, during the day, are seldom to be distinguished from the vibration of the ground occasioned by carriages, and are mostly appreciable at night. The first of the three to which I refer occurred November 23, 1863, at about six o'clock in the morning, and lasted about ten seconds. It was preceded by a distinct rumbling sound, continuing during the movement, which was of the ordinary undulatory kind. The shock was felt along the whole coast, from Arica northward, doing little damage, however, except in the city of Truxillo.

The second I experienced a few weeks later, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, while engaged in making a survey of the ruins of Amacavilca, near the village of Chorillos, nine miles south of Lima. I had just exposed a plate in my photographic camera, and was timing the exposure, when my attention was arrested by a sound from the southward, something like that of a heavy sea-wave striking the shore at an angle and breaking in a sustained, continuous roar. I recognized the sound, and carefully noted the time that elapsed between its first reaching my ear and the commencement of the earth movement. It was five seconds—a fact of value as bearing on the rapidity with which earthquake shocks are propagated. The movement was not very severe, although sufficiently great to ruin my photographic negative, which I preserve as probably the only example of photographing on earthquake. In Lima it caused some alarm, but little damage.

My third and last experience was when descending to the coast from the lofty tablelands of Huancavelica, through the valley of the river Pisco, to the sea, in the succeeding month of November. We were just emerging from between the mighty walls of rock and bare, lofty mountains that shut in the upper waters of that stream, and were entering on the undulating desert extending from the mountains to the sea, when we again heard the ominous sound approaching, as before, from the south. My mule pricked up her ears, and stopped on the instant, in a tremor, as if smitten with sudden ague. I dismounted, and took out my watch. It was ten seconds, not counting the time this manœuvre occupied, before the movement commenced under our feet. The shock lasted seven seconds, and was a severe one, being a combination of the undulatory and saltatory movements. It was also widespread in its range, and in any country except Peru, where man has taken almost every possible precaution against the effects of earthquakes, would have been destructive.

And here I have to recount a circumstance interesting in itself and to science. In gazing to the southward, and listening to the advance of the shock as it approached with constantly increasing noise, we distinctly saw the vibrations of the mountains in that direction for four seconds before those nearest us began to bow to each other. Assuming that the movement of the mountains could be detected by the naked eye at a distance of two miles, we have the means of an approximate estimate of the velocity of the shock in question. It was about thirty miles a minute.—*E. G. Squier, in Harper's Magazine.*

General Prim in London.

The latest exile of great mark whom we had among us in London, was General Prim. When his attempt at revolution in Spain failed some two years ago, Prim went into Belgium. There some pressure was brought to bear upon him by the Ministry, in consequence, no doubt, of certain pressure brought to bear by France, and Prim left Brussels and came to live in London. He lived very quietly, made no show of himself in any way, and was no doubt hard at work all the time making preparation for what has since come to pass. To all appearance he had an easy and careless sort of life, living out among his private friends, going to the races and going to the opera. But he was incessantly planning and preparing; and he told many Englishmen candidly what he was preparing for. There were many men in London who were looking out for the Spanish Revolution months before it came, on the faith of Prim's earnest assurances that it was coming. So much has of late been written about Prim that his personal appearance and manner must be familiar to most readers of newspapers and magazine. I need only say that there is in private much less of the *militaire* about him than one who had not actually met him would be inclined to imagine. He is small, neat, and even elegant in dress, very quiet and perhaps somewhat languid in manner, looking wonderfully young for his years, and without the slightest tinge of the Leicester square foreigner about him. He is rather the foreigner of Regent street and the stalls of the opera-house—any one who knows London will at once understand the difference. Prim impressed me with a much greater respect for his intellect, even from a literary man's point of view, than I had had before meeting and conversing with him. I think those who regard him as a mere *sabreur*, the ordinary Spanish leader of a successful military revolution, are mistaken. His animated and epigrammatic conversation seemed to me to be inspired and guided by an intellectual depth and a power of observation and reflection such as I at least was not prepared to find in the dashing soldier of the Moorish campaign.—*Justin McCarthy, in Galaxy.*

ETERNITY.—Lord Lytton, in his novel entitled "Lucretia," gives the following idea of eternity:—"What we call eternity may be but an endless series of those transitions which men call deaths; abandonments of home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age the spirit, that glorious nomad, may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its elements—activity and desire. Why should the soul ever repose? Labor is the purgatory of the erring; and it is none the less the heaven of the good."

THE PROBLEM.

Her life is all one neutral tint;
A cold and quiet gray;
No thunder-cloud nor sunbeam glint
Darkens or cheers her way;
No great events their shadows cast
Across or Present or her Past.

From year to year she patient sips
The tasteless cup of life;
No annals e'en escape her lips
Of blighting care or strife;
And rarely from them falls one word
That would be worthy to record.

She is not old—she is not young—
She works from day to day,
Nor cares for those she dwells among;
And here—the neighbors say—
A nature neither warm nor cold,
Too soft to carve—too hard to mould.

And yet her face has saddening power,
I seek the cause in vain—
As sometimes, at the twilight hour,
A misty, treeless plain,
With drearier feelings fills the heart,
Than scenes of strife or storm impart.

Kingdoms might fall, and empires quake,
Nations rejoice and groan,
And in her breast no interest wake,
Yet surely I have known
A sound, a scent, a trifling thing,
Search out some memory's hidden spring;

When, slowly rising to her eye,
I see a faint light glow,
And then—I know not how or why—
It must be long ago—
By that pale gleam I read the cost
Of a life's welfare staked and lost!

A FIRE IN THE BUSH.

Generally speaking, parts of the country situated about fifteen or twenty miles from any of the larger cities in Australia, is called, in common parlance, "the bush." The Australian bush possesses one feature dissimilar to any other country in the world—viz., its extraordinary similarity throughout. It seems, even to a close observer, as though he was wandering about in a thicket of timber of the same species in England. Certainly there are some few variable species characteristic of New South Wales, which somewhat relieve the monotony; but, generally speaking, the common red gum (genus Encalyptus,) confined exclusively to Australia, predominates. The undergrowth consists mostly of wild, rough-looking fern; long, rank grass; and tall, tea scrub, growing over masses of fallen timber, either blown down or the remnants of bush fires, one of which our engraving is intended to portray. These fires occur in the summer months, mostly from November until March, after which the autumnal rains commence and saturate the grass sufficiently to prevent conflagrations, which in many instances must arise from spontaneous combustion, as they often occur in parts where no one is likely to have penetrated; therefore they could not have arisen by sparks from a pipe or match, as is often the case in other instances. Neither could they have arisen from reflection off a bottle, which also fires the grass occasionally. The fact that no flint of any description is visible in districts where these fires have commenced, goes still further to substantiate our assertion that bush fires often arise from spontaneous combustion. In fact, we can scarcely wonder, after an absence of rain for a couple of months, with the thermometer ranging between 100 deg. and 200 deg. in the shade, that a quantity of carbonized timber, on becoming dried almost into touchwood, should ignite under a burning sun, and that the fire should spread with great rapidity, when taking into consideration that the various lakes, water courses, &c., formed by the rain of winter, have become dried up by the combined influence of sun and hot winds, the latter being one of the worst climactic visitations to which Australia is liable. The north wind of summer, strong, steady, dry, and hot in its character, is a frequent visitor; and being generally succeeded by an equally strong southerly breeze, fresh off the ocean, the thermometer falls within a few hours, occasionally within a few minutes, through a range of from 20 deg. to 30 deg.

The cause of these hot winds and the source whence they are derived are points of some interest. The idea of a great inland Australian sea that long haunted the minds of Australian colonists did not promise any elucidation of the subject. The arduous expedition of Captain Sturt, in 1845, from Adelaide into the northern interior, at length threw light on the mystery. Instead of an ocean of water, that adventurous explorer found a boundless expanse of the most sterile desert—a veritable Sahara of the south—a waste of sand and stones, without a blade of grass or a visible drop of water. These combined climate influences, then, are the causes of bush fires, whose peculiar crackley noise, the falling of timber which the ruthless destroyer has partially consumed, the showers of sparks, smoke, &c., varied by the roaring and rush of wild animals and the screams of terrified birds, form a picture of grand excitement totally indescribable.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

The June roses were in bloom, and the nightingales sang in the green branches. Perfume was exhaled from the linden trees; butterflies floated in the air; insects hummed through the summer day. Out at sea the fishing-boats lay idly on the sparkling waves that gently rippled in the sun. And in this joyous time the new mistress came home to the Red Court Farm.

Lady Ellis had departed for London. Some three weeks afterwards Mr. Thornycroft went up one day, and was married the next, having said nothing at all at home. It came upon Mary Anne like a thunderbolt. She cried, she sobbed, she felt every feeling within her outraged.

"Isaac, I *hate* Lady Ellis!"

In that first moment, with the shock upon her, it was worse than useless to argue or persuade, and Isaac wisely left it. The mischief was done; and all that remained for them was to make the best of it. Mary Anne, with the independence of will that characterized her, wrote off a pressing mandate to France, which brought Mademoiselle Derode back again. In the girl's grief, she instinctively turned to the little governess, her kind friend in the past years.

And now, after a fortnight's lapse, the mature bridegroom and bride were coming home. The Red Court had made its preparations to receive them. Mary Anne Thornycroft stood in the large drawing-room in use this evening, wearing a pale blue silk of delicate brightness. Her hard opposition had yielded. Isaac persuaded, mademoiselle reasoned, Richard came down upon her with a short, stern command—and she stood ready, if not exactly to welcome, at least to receive civilly her father's wife. Richard appeared to have fallen in with Isaac's recommendation—that they should "make the best of it." At any rate he no longer showed anger; and he ordered his sister not to do it. So, apparently, all was smooth.

She stood there in her gleaming silk, with blue ribbons in her hair, and a deep flush in her fair face. Little Miss Derode, her dark brown eyes kindly and simple as ever, her small face browner, sat placidly working at a strip of embroidery. It was striking six, the hour for which Mr. Thornycroft had desired dinner to be ready.

Wheels were heard, the signal of the approach. They were pretty punctual, then. Isaac went out; it was evident that he at least intended to pay due respect to his father's wife. Presently Hyde, who had worn a long face ever since the wedding, threw open the drawing-room door.

"The justice and Lady Ellis."

The man had spoken her old name in his sore feeling, little thinking that she intended to retain it, in defiance of good taste. She approached Mary Anne, and kissed her. That ill-trained young lady submitted to it for an instant, and then burst into a passionate fit of angry sobs on her father's breast.

"Don't be a goose," whispered the justice, fondly kissing her. "Halloa! why, is it *you*, mademoiselle?" he cried out, his eyes falling on the governess. "When did you come over?"

"She came over because I sent for her, papa; and she has been here nine or ten days."

A few minutes and they went in to dinner. Richard's place was vacant.

"Where's your brother, Isaac?" asked the justice.

"I believe he had to go out, sir."

Lady Ellis wondered a little at the profuseness of the dinner, but supposed it was in honor of herself, and felt gratified.

It was, in fact, the usual style of dining at the Red Court, except at those quiet times (somewhat rare) when the two elder sons were away from home. But Lady Ellis did not suspect this.

Vastly agreeable did she make herself. Isaac, seated at her left elbow, was the most attractive man she had come in contact with since the advent of Mr. Lake, and Lady Ellis liked attractive men, even though they could be nothing more to her than step-sons. But she had come home to the Court really intending to be cordial with its inmates. And, as it has been already hinted, Richard and Isaac saw the policy of making the best of things.

If ever Mademoiselle Derode had been fascinated with a person at first sight, it was with Lady Ellis. The delicate attentions of that lady won her heart. When they crossed the hall to the drawing-room after dinner, and my lady linked her arm within that of her unwilling step-daughter, and extended the other to take the poor little withered hand of the Frenchwoman, mademoiselle's heart went out to her. Very far indeed was it from the intention of Lady Ellis to undertake the completion of Mary Anne's education, whatever might be the private expectation of Mr. Thornycroft: in the visit of the ex-governess she saw a solution of the difficulty—mademoiselle should remain and resume her situation. To bring this about by crafty means, her usual way of going to work, instead of open ones, my lady set out by being very charming with the governess. The very fact of mademoiselle's having been prejudiced by Miss Thornycroft against the step-mother who was coming home, served to augment within her the feeling of fascination. "A dark, ugly woman, poor and pretentious, who has not an iota of good feeling or of truth within her whole composition," spoke Miss Mary Anne, judging of her exactly as Richard did. Great was mademoiselle's surprise to see the handsome, fascinating, superbly dressed lady, who came in upon them with her soft smile and suave manners. She thought Miss Thornycroft had spoken in prejudice only, and almost resented it for the new lady's sake.

It was daylight still, and Lady Ellis stood for a minute at the window, opening to the evening's loveliness. The sun had set, but some of its golden brightness lingered yet in the sky. Lady Ellis leaned from the window and plucked a rose from a tree within reach. Mademoiselle stood near; Mary Anne sat down on the music stool, her back to the room and her eyes busied with an uninteresting page of music, striking a bar of it now and again.

"Are you fond of flowers, miladi?" asked the simple little Frenchwoman. "I think there's nothing so good hardly in the world."

"You shall have this rose, then. Stay, let me place it in your waistband. There!—you will have the perfume now until it fades."

Mademoiselle caught the delicate hand and imprinted a kiss upon it. Single-minded, simple hearted, possessing no discernment at the best of times, artless as a child, she took all the sweet looks and kind tones for real. Lady Ellis sat down on an ottoman in front of the window, and graciously drew mademoiselle beside her.

"Do you live in Paris?"

"I live in Paris now with my mother. We have a sweet little appartement near the Rue Montagne—one room and a cabinet de toilette and a very little kitchen, and we are happy. We go to the Champs Elysees with our work on fine days, to sit there and see the world—the fine toilettes and the little ones at play. It was long to be separated from her, all the years that I was here."

"How many were they?"

"Seven. Yes, miladi, seven! But what will you? I had to gain. My mother she has a very small rente, and I came here. Mr. Thornycroft he was liberal to me—he is liberal to all,—and I saved enough to have on my side a little rente too. I went home when it was decided I should leave my pupil, and took my mother from the pension where she had stayed: and now we are happy together."

A thought crossed Lady Ellis that the charming apartment near the Rue Montague, and the mother in it, might prove some impediment to her scheme. Well—it would require the greater diplomacy.

"Is your mother old?"

"She will be sixty-five on the day of the All-Saints; and I was forty last month," added mademoiselle, with the candor as to age that is characteristic of a Frenchwoman. Suddenly, just as Lady Ellis was clasping the withered brown hand with a sweet smile, mademoiselle, without intending the least discourtesy, started up, her eyes fixed upon the plateau.

"Ah, bah," she said, sitting down again. "It is but the douanier—the preventive man."

Lady Ellis naturally looked out, and saw a man pacing along the border of the plateau. The superstition, said to be connected with the place, came into her mind, but did not stay there.

"You were here in the time of Mrs. Thornycroft, mademoiselle?"

"Ah, yes; she did not die for a long while after I came."

"She had years of ill health, I have heard. What was the matter with her?"

"It was but weakness, as we all thought," answered the Frenchwoman. "There was nothing to be told; no disease to be found. She got thinner every week, and month, and year; like one who fades away. The doctor he came and came, and said the lungs were wrong; and so she died. Ah, she was so gentle, so patient; never murmuring, never complaining. Miladi, she was just an angel."

"What had she to complain of?" asked miladi.

"What to complain of? Why, her sickness; her waste of strength. Everything was done for her that could be, except one—and that was to go from home. It was urged upon her, but she would not listen; she used to shudder at the thought."

"But why?" wondered Lady Ellis.

"I never knew. My pupil, Miss Mary Anne, never knew. She would kneel at her mamma's feet, and beg her to go anywhere, and to take her; but the poor lady would shake her head, or say quietly, no; and that would end it."

Mademoiselle Virginie Derode was a capable woman in her vocation. She could do a vast many things useful, good, necessary to be done in the world. But there was one thing that she could not do, and that was—hold her tongue. Some people are born with the bump of reticence; my Lady Ellis was a case in point; some, it may be said, with the bump of communicativeness, though I don't know where it lies. Mademoiselle was an exemplification of the latter.

"There was some *secret*—some trouble on Madame Thornycroft's mind," said good mademoiselle in her open-heartedness. "Towards the last, when the weakness grew to worse and worse, she would—what do you call it!—wander a little; and I once heard her say that it had killed her. Mr. Isaac, he was in the room at the time, and he shook his mother—gently, you know, he loved her very much; and told her she was dreaming, and talking in her sleep. That aroused her; and she laid her head upon his shoulder, and thanked him for awaking her."

"And was she talking in her sleep?"

"Ah, no; she was not asleep. But I think Mr. Isaac said it because of me. I saw there was something, always from the time I first came; she used to start at shadows; if the window did but creak she would turn white, and stare at it; if the door but opened suddenly, she would turn all over in a cold sweat. It was like a great fear that never went away."

"But what fear was it?" reiterated Lady Ellis.

"I used to repeat to myself that same question—'What is it?' One day I said to Hyde, as I saw him watching his mistress, 'She has got some trouble upon her mind?' and he, that polite Hyde, called me a French idiot, to my face, saying she had no more trouble on her mind than he had on his. I never saw Hyde fierce but that one time. Ah, but yes; she certainly said it; that it had killed her."

"That *what* had killed her?" still questioned Lady Ellis, considerably at sea.

"I had to guess what; I knew it quite well as I listened; the secret trouble that had been upon her like a fright perpetual."

Lady Ellis threw her piercing eyes upon the soft and simple ones of the little Frenchwoman. All this was as food for her curious mind.

"A perpetual fright!" she repeated musingly. "I never heard of such a thing. What was it connected with?"

"I don't know, unless it was connected with that horror of the plateau. Miladi, I used to think it might be."

Casting her thoughts back some few weeks, Lady Ellis remembered the little episode of her proposing to go on the plateau, and Mr. Thornycroft's words as he opposed it. She turned this to use now with mademoiselle in her clever way.

"Mr. Thornycroft was speaking to me about this—this mystery connected with the plateau, but we were interrupted, and I did not gather much. It is a mystery, is it not, mademoiselle?"

"But, yes; it might be called a mystery," was the answer.

"Will you recite it to me?"

Mademoiselle knew very little to recite; but that little she remembered with as much distinctness as though it had happened yesterday. One light evening in the bygone years, shortly after she came to the Red Court, she went out in the garden and strolled on to the plateau. There were no preventive railings round it then. It was fresh and pleasant there; the sea was calm, the moonbeams fell across the waves; and a vessel far away, lying apparently at anchor, showed its cheery white light. Mademoiselle strolled back towards the house, and was about to take another turn, when she saw a figure on the edge of the plateau, seemingly standing to look at the sea. To her sight it either were some white garment, or else the rays of the moon caused it to appear so.

At that moment Richard Thornycroft came up. In turning to speak to him mademoiselle lost sight of the plateau, and when she looked again, the figure was gone. "Was it a shadowy sort of a figure?" Richard asked her, in a low voice, when she expressed her surprise at the disappearance; and mademoiselle answered after a moment's consideration that she thought it *was* shadowy. Mr. Richard looked up at the sky, and then down at her, and then far away; his countenance (it seemed to mademoiselle that she could see it now) wearing a curious expression of care and awe. "It must have been the ghost," he said; "it is apt to show itself when strangers appear at night on the plateau." The words nearly startled mademoiselle out of her seven senses; "ghosts" had been her one dread through life. She put her poor trembling fingers on Richard's coat sleeve, and humbly begged him to walk back with her as far as the house. Richard did so; giving her scraps of information on the way. He had never seen the figure himself, perhaps because he had specially looked for it, but many at Coastdown had seen it; nay, some even then living at the Red Court. Why did the ghost come *there?* Well, it was said that a murder had been committed on that very spot, the edge of the plateau, and the murderer, stung with remorse, killed himself, within a few hours, and could not rest in his grave. Mademoiselle was too scared to hear all he said; she heard quite enough for her own peace; and she went into the presence of Mrs. Thornycroft, bursting into tears. When that lady heard what the matter was, she chided Richard in her gentle manner. "Was there *need* to have told her this?" she whispered to him with a strange sorrow, a great reproach, in her sad brown eyes. "I am sorry to have said it if it has alarmed mademoiselle," was Richard's answer. "It need not trouble her; let her keep off the plateau at night; it never comes in the day." That Richard believed in it himself appeared all too evident, and she remarked it to Mrs. Thornycroft as he left the room. That good lady poured a glass of wine out for her with her own hand, and begged her, in accents so imploring as to take a tone of wildness, never again to go on the plateau after dusk had fallen. No need of the injunction; mademoiselle had scuttered onwards ever since with her head down, if obliged to go abroad at night in attendance on Miss Thornycroft.

To hear her tell this in a low earnest whisper, her brown hands clasped, her scared eyes strained on the opposite plateau, whose edge stood out defined and clear against the line of sea beyond and the sky above, was the strangest of all to Lady Ellis.

"If there is one thing that I have feared in life it is a revenant," confessed mademoiselle. "Were I to see one, knowing it was one, I think I should die. There was a revenant in the convent where they put me when I was a little child; a white faced nun who had died unshriven; and we used to hear her in the upper corridors on a windy night. Ah, me! I was sick with fear when I listened; I was but a poor little weak thing then, and the dread of revenants has always rested with me."

Lady Ellis suppressed her inclination to smile, and pressed the trembling brown fingers in her calm ones. With the matter-of-fact plateau lying there before her, with her own matter-of-fact mind so hard and real, the ghost story sounded like what it must be, simple delusion. But that something strange was connected with the plateau, she had little doubt.

"And what more did you hear of it?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing more after that night. In a day or two, when my courage came to me, and I would have asked details, Mr. Thornycroft, who happened to be in the room, went into great anger. He told me to hold my tongue; never to speak or think of the subject again, or he should send me back to France. I obeyed him; I did not speak of it; even when there was talk in the village because of the accident, and he had the railings put up, I kept myself silent. I could not obey him in the other thing—not to think of it. I tried not; and I got dear Mrs. Thornycroft to put my bed in a back room, so that I did not see the plateau from my window. Well, to go back, miladi; I think it must have been this cause, or something connected with it, that brought the fear in which she lived to Mrs. Thornycroft."

Lady Ellis was silent. She could not think anything of the sort. Unless, indeed, the late Mrs. Thornycroft was of a kindred nature to mademoiselle; timorous and weak-minded.

"The preventive men pace there, do they not?"

"By day, yes; they walk on to it from their beat below, but not much at night. Ah, no! not since the accident; they do not like the ghost."

Mademoiselle rose; she was going to Mrs. Wilkinson's, on the heath, for the rest of her stay in Coastdown. Saying good-night to my lady, she went in search of Mary Anne, and could not find her.

Mary Anne was with her brother Isaac. She had flown to him after quitting the presence of her step-mother, having had much ado to repress all the feelings that went well nigh to choke her. With a crimson face and heaving bosom, with wild sobs, no longer checked, she threw herself on his neck.

"Now, Mary Anne!"

"It has been my place ever since mamma died. It is not right that she should take it."

He found she was speaking of the seat at table. Every little incident of this kind, that must inevitably occur when a second wife is brought home, did but add to the feeling of bitter grief, of *wrong*. Not for the place in itself did she care, but because a stranger had usurped what had been their mother's.

Letting the burst of grief spend itself, Isaac Thornycroft then sat down, put her in a chair near him, and gave her some wise counsel. It would be so much happier for her—for all of them—for papa—that they should unite in making the best of the new wife come amidst them; of her, and for her.

All he said was of little use. Anger, pain, bitter, bitter self-reproach sat passionately this night on the heart of Mary Anne Thornycroft.

"Don't talk, Isaac. I hope I shall not die of it."

"Die of it?"

"The fault is mine. I can see it well. Had I been obedient to Miss Derode; had I only stayed quietly at school, it never would have happened. Papa would not have brought her home, or thought of bringing her home, but for me."

That was very true. Mary Anne Thornycroft, in her strong good sense, saw the past in its right light. She could blame herself just as much as she could others when the cause of blame rested with her. Isaac strove to still her emotion; to speak comfort to her; but she only broke out again with the words that seemed to come from a bursting heart.

"I hope I shall not die of it!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SUPERSTITIOUS TALES.

With the morning Lady Ellis assumed her position as mistress of the Red Court. She took her breakfast in bed—a habit she favored—but came down before ten, in a beautiful challi dress, delicate roses on a white ground, with some white net lace and pink ribbons in her hair. The usual breakfast hour was eight o'clock, at least it was always laid for that hour; and Mr. Thornycroft and his sons went out afterwards on their land.

Looking into the different rooms, my lady found no one, and found her way to the servants' offices.

The kitchen, a large, square apartment, fitted up with every known apparatus for cooking, was the first room she came to. Its two sash windows looked on the side of the house towards the church. It had been built out, comparatively of late years, beyond the back of the dining-room, a sort of added wing, or projecting corner. But altogether the back of the house was irregular; a nook here, a projection there; rooms in angles; casements large or small as might happen. The sash windows of the kitchen

alone were good and modern, but you could not see them from the back. Whatever the irregularity of the architecture, the premises were spacious; affording every accommodation necessary for a large household. A room near the kitchen was called the housekeeper's room; it was carpeted, and the servants sat in it when they pleased; but they were by no means fashionable servants, going in for style and ceremony, and as a rule preferred the kitchen. There were seven servants in-doors, Sinnett being the housekeeper.

My lady—as she was to be called in the house—was gracious. The cook showed her the larder, the dairy, and anything else she chose to see, and then received the orders for dinner—a plain one—fish, a joint, pudding, and cream.

It was the intention of my lady to feel her way, rather than assume authority hurriedly. She saw, with some little surprise, that no remnant was left of the last day's dinner; at least none was to be seen. Not that day would she inquire after it, but keep a watchful eye on what went from table for the future. To say that her rule in the house was to have one guiding principle—economy—would be only stating the fact. There had been no marriage settlements, and my lady meant to line her pocket by dint of saving.

The rooms were still deserted when she returned to them. My lady stood a moment in the hall, wondering if everybody was out. The door at the end, shutting off the portion of the house used by the young men, caught her eye, and she resolved to go on an exploration tour. Opening the door softly, she saw Richard Thornycroft in the passage talking to Hyde. He raised his hat, as in courtesy bound; but his dark, stern face never relaxed a muscle; and somehow it rather daunted her.

"My father's wife, I believe," said Richard. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

Just as if the rooms at this end of the house were his! But my lady made the best of it.

"It is Mr. Richard, I am sure! Let us be friends."

She held out her hand, and he touched the tips of her fingers.

"Certainly. If we are not friends the fault will lie on your side," he pointedly said. "I interfere with no one in the house. I expect no one to interfere with me. Let us observe this rule to each other, and I dare say we shall get on very well."

She gently slid her hand within his, encased in its rough coat. Hyde, recovering from his trance of amazement, touched his hat, and went out at the outer door.

"I have not been in this portion of the house. Will you show it to me?"

"I will show it to you with pleasure: what little there is of it to see," replied Richard. "But—once seen, I must request you to understand that these rooms are for gentlemen only. Ladies are out of place in them."

She had a great mind to ask why; but did not. Very poor rooms, as Richard said—one on either side the passage. Small and plain in comparison with the rest of the house. A strip of thick cocoanut matting ran along the passage to the outer door. It was open, and my lady advanced to it.

Looking at the most confined prospect she ever saw; in fact, at no prospect at all. A wall, in which there was a small door of egress, shut out all view of the sea and the plateau. Another wall, with wide gates of wood, hid the courtyard and the buildings beyond. Opposite, in almost close proximity, leaving just space for the dog-cart or other vehicles to come in and turn, was the room used as a coach-house, formerly part of the stables when the house was a castle. My lady walked across the gravel, and entered it. A half-smile crossed Richard's face.

"There's not much to see here," he said.

Certainly not much. The dog-cart stood in one corner; in another were some trusses of straw, and a dilapidated cart turned upside down. Adjoining was a stable for the two horses alternately used in the dog-cart. My lady stepped back to the house door, and took a deliberate survey of the whole.

"It strikes me as being the dreariest-looking spot possible," she said. "A dead wall on each side, and a shut-in coach-house opposite!"

"Yes. Those who planned it had not much regard to prospect," answered Richard. "But, then, prospect is not wanted here."

She turned into the rooms; the windows of both looking on this confined yard. In the one room, crowded with guns, fishing-rods, dog-collars, boxing gloves, and other implements used by the young men, she stood a minute, scanning it curiously. In the other, on the opposite side the passage, was a closed desk-table, a telescope and weather-glass, some arm-chairs, pipes, and tobacco.

"This is the room I have heard Mr. Thornycroft call his den," said she, quickly.

"It is. The other one is mine and my brother's."

A narrow twisting staircase led to the two rooms above. My lady, twisting up it, turned into one of the two—Richard's bedchamber. The window looked to the dreary line of coast stretching forward in the distance.

"Who sleeps in the other room?" she asked.

"Hyde. This part of the house is lonely, and I choose to have him within call."

In her amazement to hear him say this—the brave, strong man, whom no physical fear could daunt—a thought arose that the superstition obtaining at the Red Court, whatever it might be, was connected with these shut-in-rooms; shut in from within and without. Somehow the feeling was not pleasant to her, and she turned to descend the stairs.

"But, Mr. Richard, why do you sleep here yourself?"

"I would not change my room for another; I am used to it. At one time no one slept here, but my mother grew to think it was not safe at night. She was nervous at the last."

He held the passage-door open, and raised his hat, which he had worn all the while, as she went through it, then shut it with a loud, decisive click.

"A sort of intimation that I am not wanted there," thought she. "He need not fear; there's nothing so pleasant to go for, rather the contrary."

In the afternoon, tired of being alone, she put on her things to go out, and met Mr. Thornycroft. She began a shower of questions. Where had he been? What doing? Where were all of them—Isaac—Mary Anne? Not a soul had she seen the whole day, except Richard. Mr. Thornycroft lifted his finger to command attention, as he answered her.

It would be better that they should at once begin as they were to go on; and she, his lady wife, must not expect to get a categorical account of daily movements. He never presumed to ask his sons how their days were spent. Farmers—farming a large tract of land—had to be in fifty places at least in the course of the day; here, and there, and everywhere. This applied to himself as well as to his sons. When Cyril came home he could attend upon her; he had nothing to do with the out-door work, and never would have.

"Hyde said you rode out this morning."

"I had business at Dartfield: have just got home."

"Dartfield! where's that?"

"A place five or six miles away; with a dreary road to it, too," added the justice.

"Won't you walk with me?" she pleaded, in the soft manner that had so attracted him before marriage.

"If you like. Let us go for a stroll on the heath."

"Where is Mary Anne?" she inquired, as they went on.

"Mary Anne is your concern now, not mine. Has she not been with you?"

"I have not seen her at all to-day. When I got down—it was before ten—all the world seemed flown. I found Richard. He took me over the rooms at the end of the passage; to your bureau (he called the room that, as the French do,) and to his chamber and Hyde's, and to the place filled with their guns and things."

The justice gave a sort of grin. "That's quite a come-out for Dick. Showing you his chamber! You must have won his heart."

My lady's private opinion was that she had not won it; but she did not say so. Gracefully twitching up her expensive robe, lest it should gather harm in its contact with the common, she tripped on, and they reached the heath. Mr. Thornycroft proposed to make calls at the different houses in succession, beginning with Captain Copp's. She heard him with a little shriek of dismay. "It was not etiquette."

"Etiquette?" responded the justice.

"I am but just married. It is their place to call on me first."

Mr. Thornycroft laughed. Etiquette was about as much understood as Greek at Coastdown. "Come along!" cried he, heartily. "There's the sailor and his wooden leg opening the door to welcome us."

The sailor was doing it in a sailorly fashion—flourishing his wooden leg, waving his glazed hat round and round, cheering and beckoning. The bride made a merit of necessity, and went in. Here they had news of Mary Anne. Mrs. Copp, Mademoiselle Derode, and Miss Thornycroft had gone to Jutpoint by omnibus under Isaac's convoy.

"And the women are coming back here to a tea-fight," said the plain sea-captain; "cold mackerel and shrimps and hot cakes; that she pirate of ours is baking the cakes in the oven; so you need not expect your daughter home, justice."

Mr. Thornycroft nodded in answer. His daughter was welcome to stay.

The dinner-party at the Red Court that evening consisted of five. Its master and mistress, the two sons, and a stranger named Hopley from Dartfield, whom Richard brought in. He was not much of a gentleman, and none of them had dressed. My lady thought she was going in for a prosy sort of life—not exactly the one she had anticipated.

Very much to her surprise she found the dinner-courses much augmented; quite a different dinner altogether from that which she had ordered. Boiled fowls, roast ducklings, tarts, ice-creams, maccaroni—all sorts of additions. My lady compressed her lips, and came to the conclusion that her orders had been misunderstood. There is more to be said yet about the dinners at the Red Court Farm; not for the especial benefit of the reader, he is requested to take notice, but because they bear upon the story.

At its conclusion she left the gentlemen and sat alone at the open window of the drawing-room; sat there until the shades of evening darkened; the flowers on the lawn sent up their perfume, the evening star came twinkling out, the beautiful sea beyond the plateau lay calm and still. She supposed they had all gone out, or else were smoking in the dining-room. When Sinnett brought her a cup of tea, presenting it on a silver waiter, she said, in answer to an inquiry, that the gentlemen as a rule had not taken tea since the late Mrs. Thornycroft's time. Miss Thornycroft and her governess had it served for themselves, with Mr. Cyril when he was at home from his tutor's.

"That is it," muttered my lady to herself, as Sinnet left the room. "Since their mother's death there has been no one to enforce order in the house, and they have had the run like wild animals. It's not likely they would care to be with the girl and that soft French governess."

It was dull, sitting there alone, and she wound an Indian shawl round her shoulders, went out across the lawn, and crossed the railings to the banned plateau.

It was very dreary. Not a soul was in sight; the landscape lay still and gray, the sea dull and silent. A mist seemed to have come on. This plateau, bare in places, was a small, weary waste. Standing as near to the dangerous edge as she dared, my lady stretched her neck and saw the outline of the half-moon underneath, surrounded by its waters, for the tide was nearly at its height. The projecting rocks right and left seemed to clip nearly round it, hiding it from the sea beyond. The cliff, as she looked over, was almost perpendicular, its surface jagged, altogether dangerous to look upon, and she drew back with a slight shudder—drew back to find Richard Thornycroft gazing at her from the plateau's railings, on which he leaned. They met halfway.

"Were you watching me, Mr. Richard?"

"I was," he gravely answered. "And not daring to advance or make the least sound, lest I should startle you."

"It is a dangerous spot. Mr. Thornycroft was saying so to me one day. But I had never been here, and I thought I would have a look at it; it was lonely in-door. So I came. Braving the ghost," she added, with a slight laugh.

Richard looked at her, as much as to ask what she knew, but did not speak.

"Last evening, when we were sitting in the drawing-room, the plateau in view, your sister's governess plunged into the superstitions, telling me of a 'revenant' that appears. I had heard somewhat of it before. She thinks you believe in it."

Richard Thornycroft extended his hand to help her over the railings.

"Revenant, or no revenant, I would very strongly advise you not to frequent the plateau at night," he said, as they walked on to the house. "Do not be tempted to risk the danger."

"Are you advising me against the ghostly danger or the tangible?"

"The tangible."

"What is the other tale? What gave rise to this superstition?"

Richard Thornycroft did not answer. He piloted her in-doors as far as the drawing-room, all in silence. The room was so dusk now that she could scarcely see the outline of the furniture.

"Will you not tell it me, Mr. Richard? Mademoiselle's was but a lame tale."

"What was mademoiselle's tale?"

"That she saw a shadowy figure on the plateau, which disappeared almost as she looked at it. You gave her some explanation about a murderer that came again as a revenant, and she had lived in dread of seeing it ever since."

If my lady had expected Richard Thornycroft to laugh in answer to her laugh she was entirely mistaken; his face remained stern, sad, solemn.

"I cannot tell you anything, Lady Ellis, that you might not hear from any soul at Coastdown," he said presently. "People, however, don't much care to talk of this."

"Why don't they?"

Richard lifted his dark eyebrows.

"I scarcely know: a feeling undoubtedly exists against doing so. What is it you wish to hear?"

"All the story, from beginning to end. Was there a murder?"

"Yes; it took place on the plateau. I can give you no particulars, I was but a little fellow at the time, except that the man who committed the deed hung himself before the night was out. The superstition obtaining is, that he does not rest quietly in his unconsecrated grave, and comes abroad at times to haunt the plateau, especially the spot where the deed was done."

"And that spot?"

Richard extended his hand and pointed to the edge as nearly as possible in a line with the window.

"It was there; just above the place they call the Half-moon. The figure appears on the brink, and stands there looking out over the sea. I should have said is reported to appear," he corrected himself.

"Did you ever see it yourself?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Not tell me!"

"I have undoubtedly seen a figure hovering there; but whether ghostly or human it has never given me time to ascertain. Before I could well cross the railings even it is gone."

"Gone where?"

"I never could detect where. And to tell you the truth, I have thought it strange."

"Have you seen it many times?"

"Three or four."

He was standing close against the side of the window as he spoke, his profile stern as ever, distinct in the nearly faded light. My lady sat and watched him.

"The superstition has caused an accident or two," he resumed. "A poor coastguardman was on his beat there one moonlight night and discerned a figure coming towards him walking on the brink of the cliff, as he was. What he saw to induce him to take it for the apparition, or to impart fear, was never explained. With a wild cry he either leaped from the cliff in his fright or fell from it."

"Was he killed on the spot?"

"So to say. He lived but a few minutes after help came: the tide was up, and they had to get to him in boats: just long enough to say some nearly incoherent words, to the effect of what I have told you. A night or two after that, a man, living in the village, went on the plateau looking for the ghost, as was supposed, and he managed to miss his footing, fell over, and was killed. It was then that my father had the railings put; almost a superfluous caution, as it turned out, for the impression made on the neighborhood by these two accidents was so great, and the plateau became so associated in men's minds with so much horror, that I think nobody would go on it at night unless compelled."

"Lest they should see three ghosts instead of one," interrupted a light, careless voice at the back of the room. My lady started, Richard turned.

It came from Isaac Thornycroft. He had come in unheard, the door was but half closed, and gathered the sense of what was passing.

"Quite an appropriate atmosphere for ghostly stories," he said: "you are all in the dark here. Shall I ring for lights?"

"Not yet," interposed my lady, hastily; "I want to hear more."

"There's no more to hear," said Richard.

"Yes there is. You cannot think how this interests me, Mr. Richard; but I want to know—I want to know what was the cause of the murder. *Can't* you tell me?"

Isaac Thornycroft had perched himself on the music-stool, his fair, gay, open face a very contrast just now to his brother's grave one. In the uncertain light he fancied that my lady looked to him with the last question, as if in appeal, and he answered it.

"Richard can tell it if he likes."

But it seemed that Richard did not like. He had said the neighborhood cared not to speak of this; most certainly *he did not*. It was remembered afterwards, when years had passed; and the strange fact was regarded as some subtle instinct lying far beyond the ken of man. But there was my lady casting her exacting looks towards him.

"They were two brothers, the disputants, and the cause was said to be jealousy. Both loved the same woman, and she played them off one on the other. Hence the murder. Had I been the Nemesis I should have slain the woman after them."

"Brothers!" repeated Lady Ellis. "It was a dreadful thing."

Richard, quitting his place by the window, left the room. Isaac, who had been softly humming a tune to himself, brought it to a close. A broad smile sat on his face: it appeared evident to my lady that the superstition was regarded by him as fun rather than otherwise. She fell into thought.

"You do not believe in the ghost, Mr. Isaac?"

"I don't say that. I do not fear it."

"Did you ever see it?"

"Never so much as its shadow; but it is currently believed, you know, that some people are born without the gift of seeing ghosts."

He laughed a merry laugh. My lady resumed in a low tone.

"Is it not thought that your mother feared it? That it—it helped to kill her?"

As if by magic, changed the mood of Isaac Thornycroft. He rose from the stool, and stood for a moment at the window in the faint rays of the light; his face was little less dark than his brother's, his voice as stern.

"By your leave, madam, we will not bring my mother's name up in connection with this subject."

"I beg your pardon; but—there is one thing I should like to ask you. Do not look upon me as a stranger, but as one of yourselves from henceforth; come here, I hope, to make life pleasanter to all of us," she continued, in her sweetest tones. "Those rooms at the end of the house, with the high walls on either side—is there any superstition connected with them?"

Isaac Thornycroft simply stared at her.

"I cannot tell *why* I fancy it. To-day, when Mr. Richard was showing me those rooms, the thought struck me that the superstition said to obtain at the Red Court Farm must be connected with them."

"Who says that superstition obtains at the Red Court Farm?" questioned Isaac sharply.

"I seem to have gathered that impression from one or another."

"Then I should think, for your own peace of mind, you had better ungather it—if you will allow me to coin a word," he answered. "The superstition of the plateau does not extend to the Red Court."

She gave a slight sniff. "Those rooms looked dull enough for it. And your brother—your strong, stern, resolute brother—confessed to feeling so lonely in them that he had Hyde to sleep in the chamber near him. There's not so much space between them and the plateau."

Isaac turned from the window and faced her; voice, eye, face resolute as Richard's.

"Mrs. Thornycroft—or Lady Ellis, whichever it may please you to be called—let me say a word of advice to you in all kindness. Forget these things; do not allow yourself to recur to them. For your own sake I would warn you never to go on to the plateau after daylight; the edge is more treacherous than you imagine; and your roving there could not be meet or pleasant. As to the rooms you speak of, there is no superstition attaching to them that I am aware of; but there may be other reasons to render it inexpedient for ladies to enter them. They belong to me and my brother; to my father also, when he chooses to enter; and we like to know that they are private to us. Shall I ring for lights now?" he concluded, as he turned to quit the room.

"Yes, please. I wonder where Mr. Thornycroft can be?"

"Probably at the Mermaid," he stayed to say.

"At the Mermaid? Do you mean the public-house?"

"Yes. A smoking bout takes place in its best parlor occasionally. My father, Mr. Southall, Captain Copp, Dangerfield the superintendent of the coastguard, old Connaught, and a few other gentlemen, meet there."

"Oh!" she answered. "Where are you going?"

"To fetch my sister from Mrs. Copp's."

In the short interval that elapsed before the appearance of the lights, my lady took a rapid survey of matters in her mind. The conclusion she arrived at was, that there were some items of the recent conversation altogether curious; that a certain mysterious atmosphere enveloped the present as well as the past; not the least of which was Richard Thornycroft's manner, and his too evident faith in mystery. Take it for all in all, the most incomprehensible place she had ever come in contact with was the Red Court Farm. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Royal Tomb.

The mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria, within sight of Windsor Castle, for the remains of her husband, has cost about one million dollars. The whole amount has been expended by the queen out of her private fortune. The exterior is of marble of all colors and kinds. The building consists of a central octagon surrounded by three chapels or recesses. The dome of the octagon, including a crown which surmounts it, is eighty-three feet, the height inside being seventy feet. The interior decorations are exceedingly elaborate in colors and designs, with gilding, painting and sculpture in profusion. A massive sarcophagus of highly polished Aberdeen granite, resting on a slab of polished black marble in the centre of the octagon, contains the prince's remains. There is a kneeling angel in bronze at each corner. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus is a recumbent figure of the prince consort in white marble, the work of Baron Marochetti. The dome above has a ceiling of blue, spangled with golden stars.

The ribs of the dome are supported with golden angels. In each of the side recesses a bronze and golden chandelier is suspended. Painted panels and sculptures adorn the walls, with inscriptions and traceries. In the recess opposite is the painting of the Resurrection; above it in the ceiling, a fresco of the Ascension. There is to be a large painting, also, in each of the other recesses. The general result is said to be exceedingly impressive. Every thing that affection could dictate, wealth procure, and art achieve, has been done. The entrance to the mausoleum faces east, and is reached by a flight of black marble steps, leading to a porch supported by granite columns, with a ceiling decorated with Venetian mosaics. The floor of the entrance, as well as of the entire structure, is formed of variegated marble, polished and inlaid in panels of various designs.

Some few years ago a clever young Englishman, named Laurence Oliphant, attained sudden position in that country for diplomatic, literary, and parliamentary cleverness. He obtained a seat in Parliament, moved in the highest circles of society, and was a great favorite in the fashionable world. He was once seen sauntering into the Travellers' Club with two men leaning on his arms—one His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the other His Majesty the King of Denmark! Such a future as that which lay before this handsome, clever, fascinating young diplomatist, says an English paper, any man might have envied. Suddenly, however, Laurence Oliphant was missed from his place in society—from club, and "House," and opera. Where he had gone none could tell. Even his constituents at Stirling were unable to get any accurate information concerning him, and as he made no appearance at the recent election, another man was chosen in his place. He has at last been discovered, however, in a semi-religious, semi-socialistic community at Brocton, on the borders of Lake Erie, where the once idolized star of Belgravia now follows the plough and wears the home-spun.

☞ Otsego, N. Y., has had almost a Jaundyce case. An estate of $3,300 has been settled, of which the heirs get $3 a-piece, the balance going to costs and the lawyers.

Subjects for Art.

The novels of Fenimore Cooper—the best, broadest, and most Shakspearian, probably, that have been written on this side of the Atlantic—afford many fine subjects for the pencil and the chisel. A contemporary alludes to one of them as follows:—

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☞ The following correspondence appears in the Paris papers: "Mr. Editor—I read the following letter in the Bucharest Bulletin International: 'Why don't the Israelites eat pork? Because wolves do not devour each other. (Signed) Baron du Chalet.' Permit me to inform Baron du Chalet, through your excellent journal, that he would never be eaten by an Israelite, our religious laws forbidding it. (Signed) An Israelite."

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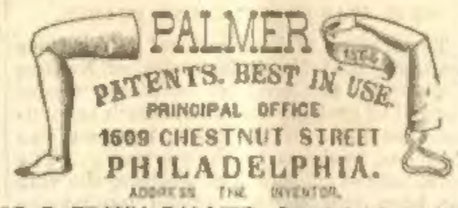

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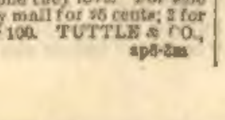

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AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of those diseases and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states *that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.*

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sep26-eow17t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Very Deaf.

The Gazette tells this story of an actor well-known to old theatre goers:—

Andrew Jackson Allen was engaged at the Bowery as costumer as well as actor. Allen was very deaf, and like most persons that are hard of hearing, talked through his nose, for which reason, strangely enough, he was christened in the profession "Dummy Allen." "The great American costumer" was troubled with another slight weakness; he had a very bad memory in the presence of persons to whom he was indebted. The last time "Dummy" appeared as an actor in this city was at the Lion Theatre, in 1834. Being unable to hear the "cue," he watched the lips of the actors, and when they ceased to speak would go on with his speech. A great many jokes were played upon Allen by the actors continuing to keep their lips moving after they had spoken the lines. In the spring of 1835, Allen left the Lion Theatre, Boston, and his debts behind him, and started for New York, where he joined Forrest as costumer in his trip to Europe. On his return, Forrest played an engagement at the Tremont. During the performance on the first night, Allen was walking in the pit lobby, and was met by a gentleman with whom he had run up a long account while at the Lion Theatre, and which, in his hurry to get to New York, he had forgotten to pay. After the usual salutations, the following dialogue occurred:—

Creditor—Mr. Allen, when you left Boston you owed me a little bill.

Allen—Oh, yes, Mr. Forrest is a great man; he'll go to Congress one of these days. I tell you, *the boy* is a big squash on the vine.

Creditor—Certainly, Mr. Forrest is a great actor; but I wish to call your attention to that little bill of mine that you left unsettled when you left Boston.

Allen—No; he won't go to England again; there isn't an actor in the whole United Kingdom to compete with him, nothing worthy of his steel.

Creditor—But that little bill, Mr. Allen, that—

Allen—(putting his hand to his ear)—You'll have to speak louder; I am very deaf.

Creditor—(very loud)—You were indebted to me when you left Boston, Mr. Allen.

Allen—No, sir! he'll not go West this season.

Creditor—(dropping his voice)—Will you take a drink, Allen?

Allen—Well, I don't mind if I do.

Allen died at a very advanced age a few years since, in the city of New York.

An Original Character.

A New Jersey correspondent mentions the existence of an eccentric old farmer in his neighborhood who has the reputation of being a "free-thinker," and is consequently the subject of much solicitude to the village clergyman. Not long since he was taken sick, and, being quite old and feeble, his recovery was considered a matter of doubt, and the visit of the minister was desired by his family. After the usual friendly greetings were over the clergyman, to introduce the object of his visit, remarked: "Friend W——, you are now getting to be an old man, and have lived a careless life; would it not be well to take the present opportunity to make your peace with God?" "Lord bless your soul!" replied the feeble old man, "He and I hain't never had no fallin' out yet!"

This old gentleman's property adjoins a cemetery, and at one time a person who was looking at it with a view to purchase objected to it on this ground, and asked if its proximity did not cause him some annoyance. "No, indeed, my dear sir," said he; "the folks in the graveyard are the peaceablest neighbors I've got!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Did Not Dance.

There *are* persons in Illinois who have the proper reverence for places of public worship. One of this class having had the misfortune to be detained in Chicago over Sunday, slowly sauntered down Wabash Avenue in the morning, about the hour of morning service. Arriving at the ——— Church, and stopping a moment, the organist commenced playing one of those lively compositions with which the "performance" of religious service is now generally commenced. Just then a gentleman passing into the church, invited him to enter and take a seat.

"Not exactly, mister," replied our friend; "I ain't used to such doin's on Sunday; and, besides, I don't dance!"

PRETTY GOOD.—At a recent court ball one of the fair queens of society, wife of a foreign diplomatist, was the object of Count Bismarck's attentions, and many observed that her beauty had produced a great impression on the famous statesman. The count, with that audacity of conquest which is his especial characteristic, extended his hand to pluck, without leave, a flower from the splendid bouquet which the lady carried. She rapped his knuckles with her fan, saying—"Pardon, Monsieur le Comte; but that flower is not a German state. You must ask for it."

AN ANECDOTE FOR MERCHANTS.—A merchant being unable to live as comfortably as he desired and at the same time pay his debts, failed several times in business, and made assignments of his property. Not long since this merchant-prince died. Among those who had cause to remember him was Mr. B——, who, meeting one of his neighbors, was informed that Uncle C—— was dead—had *paid* the debt of nature.

"Is that so?" replied B——; "why in thunder didn't he make an assignment?"

☞ A woman with a child entered a photographic gallery in Newburgh, N. Y., the other day, and previous to placing it for a picture the woman subjected the child to a vigorous spanking. The artist interfered, when he was informed that she was only trying to get up a fine color in the child's face, in order that it might be represented in the picture with blooming cheeks. She was somewhat surprised to learn that the matter of color in a photograph was quite an after consideration; that the machine to take colors just as they stood was not yet invented.

☞ So soon as a man starts out for a reformer, he lets his hair grow long. So soon as a woman starts in the same business, she cuts hers off short. Does not this show a natural tendency on the part of these two—the one, to approach the character of a man, and the other, that of a woman?

HONORABLE AMBITION.

COLORMAN (quite concerned).—"Oh! permit me to send them for you, sir, or wrap them in paper."

SWELL.—"No, thanks, I'd rather carry them myself thu—us; 'shall be taken for an artist!"

Wood Hangings: How Made, How Hung, and How Expensive.

Some friends in the country express total ignorance as to what "wood hangings" are, and desire information on the subject, which may be of interest to more than a few rural readers.

Various lengths of the body of a tree, or internodes of the limbs, are put in a turning machine and turned until the solid body of fibres is spread out to the thinness of a shaving, and lies like an unrolled piece of wall-paper, in lieu of which it is used. Or, imagine, if you can, the body of a tree to be composed of a roll of gold foil, three feet long and a foot in diameter, and rolled so compactly as to appear to be solid metal; but by means of a machine, which moves a long, sharp, or cleaving edge, round and round it, separating the over from the underlying layer, you will understand how a length of round timber is turned inside out, or clear out of itself.

Different varieties of wood give different patterns or grain to the hangings. The woods most largely used are black walnut, maple and ash. Maple and black walnut hang well together, the contrast between the two permitting the darkest to serve as bordering or defining designs if desired, about mantels or panel-like places.

For halls and dining rooms these hangings seem especially fitted, and could be put on to simulate a cathedral entrance or interior, by cutting the walnut to represent pillars, and connecting at the top by arches.

This "wooden" paper is applied to the wall in the same manner as ordinary paper hangings, with flour paste. The walls should be smooth and free from whitewash. After applied and dry, a coat of oil is put on, which developes the marvelous designs inwoven by nature. A coat of varnish completes the illusion of walls beautifully veneered. When soiled, you can wash the surface. Whether there is any wear out to these hangings we cannot say. We have been informed that they are very durable, and, "considering all things," as cheap as paper hangings. The cost is three cents the square foot. Those of satin wood come a little higher, and mahogany also, which is really no handsomer than black walnut. The rolls are in various widths, from twenty to forty inches.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Immortality.

In a recent lecture, Col. Higginson said that all his life he had believed in immortality; he had never had a doubt about it, and he was as sure as any one could be that it was simply an instinct. People who when in health were the most horrified at the idea of death, lose all that repugnance as it approaches. He never heard of a person who, as the time of death drew near, was afraid to die; and he had seen death in many forms, and had talked with many familiar with disease. By the various paths the human race, in its various temperaments, comes to knowledge of immortality. In proportion as they attain it, their life becomes larger and wider, and they live on, regardless of the little fact of death. They feel sure that in whatever sphere they live there is something for us to do, and it makes little difference where we do it. When a person believes in immortality sincerely, it makes little difference to him whether he stays here to do some particular work, or goes somewhere else to do another. He is like the sailor on board ship, whose duty it is not to do his own will, but the will of his master. A deep and abiding belief in immortality makes fame and fortune alike indifferent to us. When one lives nobly day by day, he feels that he may one day look back upon all our joys and emotions here, and say to his companions in another sphere, "Do you remember yonder planet where once we went to school together, and what happened in that school?"

Mode of Dividing Glass.

The following plan, to break a bottle or jar across its circumference, so as to form a battery cup, or vessel for other purposes, may be of some service to your readers. I have performed the operation successfully many times. Place the bottle in a vessel of water, to the height where it is designed to break it; also, fill the bottle to the same level. Now pour coal-oil, inside and out, on the water; cut a ring of paper, fitting the bottle. Saturate with alcohol or benzine, so that it touches the oil. Pour, also, some inside the bottle. Set on fire; the cold water prevents the glass from heating below its surface, while the expansion caused by the heat will break the vessel on the water-line.—*J. T. Peet, in Scientific American.*

☞ Always catch a lady when she faints, but do not rumple her hair; it makes her "come to" before she is fairly ready.

Preparing for Preaching.

One of those peering fellows who are always finding out peoples' peculiarities, asked Henry Ward Beecher if he made special preparation during the week for his pulpit services. Mr. Beecher replied: "Well, no. I don't ask my bread or beef what it is going to do for me when I eat it. They go in to the stomach, and are made into muscle, and nerve, and blood, without watching the process. So I read and see, without my asking what my reading and seeing are going specially to do. I make my sermons in this way. When, in the course of reading or thinking, some subject outlines itself before me, especially adapted to pulpit use, I make memoranda of it, and put them in a drawer that I have. Then on Sunday morning, about half an hour before service, I open this drawer, and take them all out, and spread them before me, and choose the one which I am in the best mood to preach. At five o'clock in the afternoon, I do the same for my evening sermon. This is not the best way for a great many, but I have found it best suited for me, and every man must determine for himself the mode through which he can obtain the highest success."

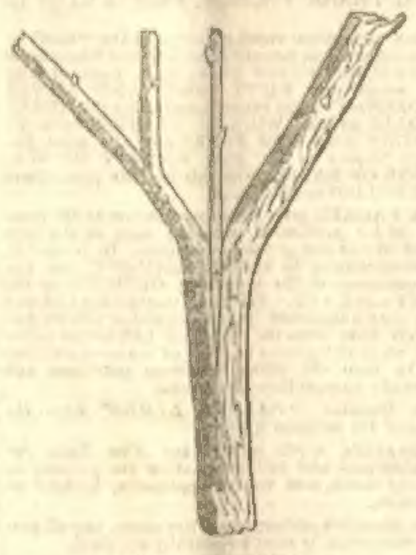
☞ After dinner naps, it has been discovered, are very unhealthy, and persons are advised to sleep before dinner, so as to rest, refresh and prepare the system for vigorous digestion. But, if the sleep must be had after dinner, it should be taken in a sitting posture. The torpidity which results from partaking of a hearty meal arises from overloading the stomach, and the rule which enjoins rising from the table before the appetite is entirely satisfied will prevent any disagreeable consequences.

AGRICULTURAL.

A New Method of Grafting Fruit Trees.

BY M. JEAN SISLEY, LYONS, FRANCE.

The readers of horticultural publications are aware that Mr. A. Boisselot, of Nantes, (France,) is the inventor of a very useful method of grafting the vine, which is to insert the graft in the fork between two branches, as shown by the engraving. The advantage of this mode of grafting the vine has been generally recognized, but no one



BOISSELOT'S GRAFT.

has before thought of applying it to other trees, and A. Boisselot himself was not aware of the great service he rendered to horticulture when he published his invention. I have applied it to a great variety of trees, but principally to the pear, to experiment with new varieties of pears which I receive in great number every year. Before I knew Boisselot's system I could not make use of a great number of the grafts I received, not being willing to sacrifice the trees that were yielding me yearly a quantity of fruit; the old system of cleft-grafting necessitating the mutilation of the whole tree, or at least its principal branches. During the last two years I have grafted every variety of pears I have received, (and at any time of the year,) according to the Boisselot system. The grafts have grown like the other branches of the trees, and some of them bore fruit last year. I can thus keep my old trees until I find that the new sorts are preferable to the old ones, and most likely I shall not be obliged to cut them down, as several sorts of pears can very well live and prosper together on the same tree. I have thus increased my enjoyment. This method is, of course, not very practicable on large trees, but is principally useful for small gardens where espaliers and dwarfs are grown, to take up less space. By this method, with a limited number of trees, a great many varieties of fruit can be grown. It can also be usefully employed for experimenting with seedlings that show signs of excellence. It must be understood that no part of the branches between which the grafts are inserted is to be cut back; therefore no mutilation of any part of the old trees is necessary, as is the case in cleft-grafting. [The engraving shows the graft as inserted; it is to be tied, and the junction covered with grafting-wax, or waxed cloth, in the usual manner.]

A Cheap Fertilizer.

Col. Daniel Needham recently made a speech in the Massachusetts Senate, advocating the passage of a law providing against the sale of adulterated commercial fertilizers, by requiring that they shall be analyzed, and each barrel box or package be labelled, upon which label shall be printed a statement of the constituent parts of the compound, and the per centage which each constituent part bears to the whole mass—a law, by the way, demanded for the protection of honest manufacturers, as well as purchasers. During his remarks he said that a most valuable fertilizer could be made by taking four barrels of ground bone, one carboy of sulphuric acid and two barrels of ashes. He said that the expense of this fertilizer would be only about eighteen dollars a ton, and that he had no doubt the fertilizer thus made would be as valuable as any purchased in the market for forty dollars per ton. He stated the expense substantially, as follows:—Four barrels bone at two dollars and fifty cents per barrel, $10; one hundred and seventy-five pounds sulphuric acid, $5.25; two barrels ashes, $2.50; total, $17.75. The process of mixing, he said, was very simple. He would take the ground bone and after wetting it thoroughly allow it to heat, which it would do in a short time; then pour on the sulphuric acid and afterwards mix with the mass two barrels of ashes.

Observations on Shoeing.

No person should ever allow his horse to be shod by a farrier who employs or keeps in his shop the knife used for cutting away the hoof, shaped like a small shovel, and usually braced against the shoulder when used in shovelling away the horn.

The Almighty designed the frog as an elastic, insensible cushion, on which the horse should walk, as do the fowl and other animals; yet blacksmiths delight in cutting away this most useful part, and thereby expose that which is sensitive to contact with the hard road. No greater folly can be imagined, and to a reasonable man it only requires to be noticed to make the error self-apparent. The blacksmith will argue that he must "cut away the rags," and some are so ignorant as to declare they cut away the frog "to prevent pressure on it;" that is to say they cut it away to prevent the very object of its creation. The frog should never be cut, or any portion; if allowed to take its natural course it becomes a perfect safety-stand and protection to the foot. In colts the frog may be seen in its full vigor and usefulness; but at the first shoeing the knife goes to work—and so it continues while there is any frog to cut.—*Pub. Royal Society.*

Medical Properties of Celery.

I have known many and women too, who, from various causes had become so much affected with nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of celery leaves as a salad they become as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves, should use celery daily in season, and onions in its stead when not in season.—*Cor. Prac. Farmer.*

Killing the Borers.

Early in spring, before planting-time arrives, all the apple-trees should be examined for borers. A man provided with a strong half-inch gouge and a piece of No. 14 wire will eradicate this pest from an orchard in a very few days, and save the trees from total destruction. If very large wounds are made in the search for the borers, they should be covered with some substance that will protect the wood from the air or moisture. Strong tarred paper, wrapped around the base of the stem, will insure the trees against the attacks of the beetle, which is the parent of these borers. In many sections of the country, too great vigilance cannot be given in preventing the attacks of these pests of the orchard.

RECEIPTS.

IMITATION CRAB.—This makes a nice relish for eating with bread and butter, either for breakfast or luncheon. The white meat of a roast or boiled fowl must be minced very fine with the liver, so as to make about six tablespoonfuls in all. To this put two tablespoonfuls of pounded cheese, two moderate-sized onions, four or five green chillies (or, if these cannot be procured, some Cayenne pepper), chopped very small. Mix all these thoroughly together, and afterward add one spoonful of anchovy and one of Harvey's sauce, a large spoonful of mustard, two of mushroom catchup, black pepper, and salt, and three spoonfuls of sweet oil. Well mix the whole.

SWEETBREADS FRICASSEED (WHITE).—Blanch and then cut them in slices; to a pint of veal gravy put a thickening of flour and butter, a tablespoonful of cream, grated lemon-peel, nutmeg, white pepper, to flavor. Stew ten minutes, add the sweetbreads, and let them simmer twenty minutes.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Stir a pound of loaf-sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream. Take the yolks of twelve eggs and the whites of six, and when beaten separately and light, add them to the butter and sugar, and then put in one pound of grated cocoanut. Lastly put in four tablespoonfuls of rose-water, four of cream, and the juice of two lemons. Bake in puff-paste, and sift loaf-sugar over after it comes from the oven.

MOLASSES CUP CAKE.—Two cups of molasses; two cups of butter; one cup of milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little hot water; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon; half a nutmeg, and two eggs, and flour sufficient to make it stiff as you can stir with a spoon, beat it well, and bake in a quick oven.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 2, 17, 4, 18, 13, 16, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 20, 11, 5, 13, 22, is a county in California.
My 12, 7, 10, 22, 14, 15, is a foreign nation.
My 6, is a letter of the alphabet.
My 1, 23, 19, 6, 3, 17, was a general in the rebel army.
My 21, 2, 17, 9, is what we should not do.
My whole is the name and place of residence of a subscriber of the Post for thirty years. MATTIE E. JOHNSON.

Riddle.

My 1st is in life, but not in death,
My 2nd is in month, but not in breath;
My 3rd is in cavalier, but not in knight,
My 4th is in tremor, but not in fright;
My 5th is in oats, but not in rye,
My 6th is in question, but not in reply;
My 7th is in fish, but not in gowl,
My 8th is in priest, but not in fowl;
My 9th is in Naomi, but not in Ruth,
My 10th is in falsehood, but not in truth;
My 11th is in green, but not in blue,
My 12th is in many, but not in few;
My 13th is in hand, but not in heart,
My 14th is in pudding, but not in tart;
My 15th is in maple, but not in beech,
My 16th is in scream, but not in screech;
My 17th is in breakfast, but not in dinner,
My 18th is in saint, but not in sinner;
My 19th is in future, but not in past,
My 20th is in first, but not in last;
My 21st is in boil, but not in bake,
My 22nd is in offer, but not in take;
My 23rd is in hope, but not in despair,
My 24th is in rabbit, but not in hare;
My 25th is in scythe, but not in mow,
My 26th is in fawn, but not in doe;
My 27th is in gather, but not in pick,
My 28th is in stone, but not in brick;
My 29th is in candle, but not in wick.
My whole is a quotation from Tennyson.
GRACIE G——.

Problem.

A triangular plate of iron whose sides are 30, 28, and 39 inches. The plate to be 3 inches thick at one vertix, 8 inches at another and 5 inches at the other. The sides opposite these being 30, 28, and 39 inches. Where is the centre of gravity?
MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

If the difference of two numbers be multiplied by the greater, and the product divided by the less, the result will be 3 times the greater; but, if the difference be multiplied by the less, and the product divided by the greator, the result will be 3. What are the nuumbers?
WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

The north and south sides of a field in the shape of a trapezoid, containing 23 acres and 70 perches, are parallel; the north side is the shortest; the eastern side is a meridian; the diagonals intersect at right angles, and the distance from the south-western corner to the intersection of the diagonals is is 64 perches. Required—the sides of the field. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a wainscoted room like a reprieve? Ans.—It saves hanging.

☞ Why is going to the play like last week? Ans.—It is *pastime* (past time.)

☞ Why are glaziers greater sufferers than other people? Ans.—They have most *panes.*

☞ Why is a man on a gibbet like a watch? Ans.—He hangs in chains.

☞ When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? Ans.—When it begins to pat her (patter) on her back.

☞ At what time was Adam married? Ans.—Upon his wedding Eve.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.
ENIGMA—United States of America.

Answer to ENIGMA of March 27—"Pray to the Lord and keep your powder dry." Oliver Cromwell.

CODFISH HASH.—Put in soak over night a teacup of codfish picked up fine. In the morning boil some potatoes nicely, mash and work them until very light. Put the fish in the chopping-bowl and chop it fine, after which, before taking it from the bowl, mash and work it until as fine as possible. Work the potato in little by little, working it with the potato-pounder, until five parts of potato are thoroughly incorporated with the fish. This should be perfectly done. Season the hash a little richer than for mashed potatoes. Put it in the potato-kettle and heat it, constantly stirring. Have butter heated in the spider, press the hash into it firmly, and cook it gently. When brown, turn it out without breaking, and set it in the oven until the coffee is on the table. It is better, however, to leave it in the spider, if not scorching, until it is served. This is a very different dish from that called by many codfish hash. Always buy white codfish.

SPRING SOUP.—Cut an equal quantity of carrots, turnips, onions, and leeks; stew them in some good stock; then add some French beans, peas, bean cucumbers, asparagus tops, lettuces, sorrel, and chervil; add a little bit of white sugar; let these reduce to nearly a glaze; then add them to some stock thickened with green peas rubbed through a colander. The soup might be thickened, to vary it, with asparagus rubbed through a colander; in this case all the vegetables should be strained off, and some asparagus tops served only in the soup.

TO MAKE MOLASSES CANDY.—Boil a quart of molasses slowly, until it reaches the sixth degree called the crack; this is known by dropping some of the candy in cold water; if it breaks brittle it is done; butter immediately some flat pans, pour out the candy, and set it to cool; when nearly cool, take it from the pans and stretch it until white; if the molasses is impure, skim it when it first boils; a piece of alum as large as a filbert, will make it more brittle. If desired it can be flavored, mixed with nuts or pop-corn.